

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Road Safety

THE new traffic regulations announced yesterday are designed to improve road safety in the Colony, and if they realise that purpose they will be amply justified. There cannot, so far as we can see, be any rooted objection to them. While the statistics as presented by the Commissioner of Police are not conclusive, they do strongly infer the presence in Hongkong of incompetent driving instructors, who influence learner drivers with their lack of knowledge, and whose tuition amounts to nothing more than taking advantage of the innocence of pupils anxious to obtain a driving licence. This seems to be quite a reasonable explanation of the fact that last year nearly 50 per cent of learner drivers tested failed to qualify.

If the regulation which requires an instructor to possess a valid driving licence for three years and to pass a Police test as to fitness to give driving lessons eliminates incompetent instructors it will be heartily applauded by the public, but whether it will bring about a reduction in road traffic accidents remains to be demonstrated.

POLICE tests are pretty rigid and in consequence it can be accepted that only those learner drivers who display full qualifications for handling a car obtain their licences. The increased traffic accident rate, therefore, suggests the appearance on the roads of drivers who allow themselves to behave incompetently and carelessly after they have qualified to drive.

The beginner can be a menace, but no more than the so-called experienced motorist, chauffeur and taxi driver, who insists upon showing off by brazenly jockeying for position in crowded thoroughfares, overtaking at speed, rushing traffic lights and generally playing the rules of the road.

To the extent of redefining the rules concerning observance of traffic lights, the new regulations aim a shaft at these road hogs, but from observation we are convinced there will be no appreciable decrease in traffic accidents unless the police maintain a sharp look-out for the offences committed by the "Smart Alexes" and take appropriate action against them.

Mollet And Mendes-France Make Uneasy Partners

French Cabinet-Forming Difficulties

FRANC IN DANGER WARNING

Paris, Jan. 27.

The Socialist leader, 50-year-old M. Guy Mollet, started his Cabinet-forming efforts in earnest today.

1. He consulted his election partner, the Radical new dealer, M. Pierre Mendes-France.

2. He got from France's top civil servants reports on the actual financial position of the country and, on the position in Algeria.

Under each of the headings, the potential new premier was made to realise that big difficulties faced the next government.

(1) The election partners, M. Mollet and M. Mendes-France, had little difficulty in drawing up a common election programme, but they now find that agreeing upon a joint programme of governmental action is less easy.

The Radicals of M. Mendes-France met tonight in committee at the National Assembly. M. Mendes-France was urged by his friends to refuse to take on the responsibility for finance and economic development in a predominantly Socialist government. Many Radical deputies said the Socialists wanted inflation in order to be able to grant their followers the immediate satisfaction of an increase in wages and salaries, but the Radicals were opposed to such a policy of inflation.

BOURSE LOSSES

The Paris Bourse lost two to three per cent today in the average level of French stocks and shares. But on the whole, the stock exchange remained steady in face of the prospect of a left-wing government.

(3) The experts on Algeria pointed out to M. Mollet, according to usually reliable sources, that the rebel movement in Algeria had been strengthened, and that whatever the outcome of talks or negotiations with Nationalist leaders may be, strong French military forces will be needed.

In Algeria for a long time to come.

M. Paul Gerin, editorialist of Paris Presse, important evening paper, in a sensational dispatch published today, revealed that a huge area of Algeria is more or less under the control of rebel forces.

M. Mollet will continue to discuss his government programme tomorrow and is expected to be drawing up his list of ministers on Sunday. He hopes to present his government to the Assembly on Tuesday or Wednesday.

Newspapers give his ten-man cabinet, on British lines, as follows:

M. Mendes-France, Vice-Premier; M. Christian Pineau (Socialist) Foreign Affairs; M. Robert Lucotte (Socialist) Finance ministry; M. Albert Gazier (Socialist) Labour; M. Gaston Deferre (Socialist) Mayor of Marseilles, Public Works; Senator Gilbert Jules (Radical) Interior; M. Vincent de Moro-Giafferi, Justice; Francois Mitterrand (near Radical), Overseas Territories; Jacques Chaban Delons (Social Republican, ex-Gaullist) National Defence, ex-Reuters.

Chinese Nationalists today claimed to have sunk a Chinese Communist gunboat west of the Nationalist-held island of Wuchu, midway between Matsau and Quemoy.

A Defence Ministry communiqué issued tonight said that two Nationalist gunboats on patrol engaged "several" Communist gunboats west of Wuchu early this morning.

After an exchange of gunfire, one Communist gunboat was sunk and the rest "fled" towards the mainland.

The Nationalists suffered no damage, the communiqué said.—Reuters.

Latest Turn In Cyprus Crisis

BRITAIN TO JAM ATHENS RADIO

London, Jan. 27.

Britain is to jam radio Athens broadcasts to Cyprus, a measure which has never been taken before in peace or war, authorised sources in London said today.

The British Government made more than 20 protests to Greece before coming to this decision, authorised circles stated.

The Governor of Cyprus, General Sir John Harding, was authorised to take this step during his recent visit to London. It is aimed at preventing the Cypriots from hearing the violent radio tirades against the British Government.

A Foreign Office spokesman gave an example of the material broadcast from a proclamation of the EOKA "Union with Greece" movement.

The broadcast said: "Become a tornado and sweep all those who block your course regardless of whom they may be. Sweep away all those who, like the constables of the Queen of Britain, hunt you to prevent your national manifestations. Sweep away all traitors... freedom is acquired by blood"—France-Press.

NEW TALKS

Nicosia, Jan. 27. Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, held news talks tonight with Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Cypriot Greek campaign for union with Greece.

The Governor returned from London yesterday after a week of discussions with Sir Anthony Eden, the British Prime Minister, and other government leaders. He was reported to have brought back a new plan to settle the political problems in the troubled island.

The English language newspaper, Times of Cyprus, said today these proposals "may contain much that may meet the Archbishop's objections, that the last proposal craved certain points be considered as vital."

The talks tonight followed only a few hours after Cypriot schoolboys and girls stoned British troops in an hour of violent rioting—one of the worst that the capital has known.

CLOSE SECURITY

In view of the new demonstrations, strict security precautions surrounded the talks and British troops maintained intensive patrols on all streets leading to the Archbishop's house, where the meeting was held.

An official statement issued after the student outbreak in Nicosia today said that two men were seen behind the rioters encouraging them to stone the troops.

The Paphos students were protesting against reports—officially denied yesterday—that people detained under the island's emergency laws have been ill-treated.—Reuters.

Floods Throughout Malaya

Kuala Lumpur, Jan. 27.

Flood waters swept across 20 of Malaya's roads after heavy tropical rain drenched Malaya today.

Police reported highways were under water in the states of Pahang, Negri Sembilan and Johore, and the settlement of Malacca.

Rain also closed the Kluang, Johore, airport.

Floods across the main trunk railway half way between Kuala Lumpur and Singapore blocked mail trains today and tonight. The railways could not say when services would return to normal.—Reuters.

THE QUEEN AT TRIPOLI

Tripoli, Libya, Jan. 28.

Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh landed here early today on their flight to Nigeria to begin a Royal tour of that British Colony.

Their aircraft landed here just after midnight local time and the Queen received the British Ambassador and the Libyan chief of protocol, Mr Abdel Latif Hakiya.

The British Overseas Airways Argonaut spent 45 minutes here for refuelling and changing of crews before resuming its flight to Lagos.—United Press.

FARMER KILLED

Rabat, Jan. 27.

The body of a French farmer, with five bullet wounds in his head, was found this morning in an isolated farm in the Fes region. His hunting rifle had been stolen.

A Moroccan civil servant, recently appointed, had his house attacked by three armed Moroccan yesterday evening. The marauders opened up with a machine gun and accidentally killed one of their gang. The other two men then took to their heels and fled.—France-Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: Thomas Day's best friend married the girl he had trained to be "the Perfect Wife"—a world's strangest story, by John Sidney.

P. 6: James Wickenden writes on the Malayan independence talks now going on in London: Cedric Carne, author of "All in a week's day," says there is no need to be scared about that operation.

P. 7: A confession by Raymond Chandler. The "Magnolia Street" man finds someone to keep his home fire burning, by Eve Perriek.

P. 8: Sefton Delmer interviews the world's only jet-pilot King.

P. 13: Les Armour writes on the policies of Mr John Foster Dulles. Lionel Black reports on unrest in the Soviet satellites.

Tokyo Rose May Be Deported

Washington, Jan. 27.

Los Angeles-born "Tokyo Rose," due to be released from prison on Saturday after serving a sentence for treason, may be deported from the United States.

The United States Immigration Service said today it was starting deportation proceedings against her on the ground that she lost her American citizenship when she was convicted in San Francisco in 1949 of broadcasting for Japan from Tokyo during the Second World War.

Mrs D'Aquila, now 39 years old, is the wife of a Portuguese national.—China Mail Special.

First Man-Made Satellite Will Follow The Equator

New York, Jan. 27. American scientists hope to send the first man-made "moon" on an earth-girdling course roughly following the Equator.

Officials of the International Geophysical Year directing the satellite programme, said tonight that the football-size object would circle the earth 16 times every 24 hours following an elliptical orbit in a 8,000-mile wide belt which would take it back and forth between 40 degrees north and south.

Thus it should be possible to sight it from the United States, Central and South America, Africa, Southern Europe, the Balkans and Middle East, part of the Soviet Union, Pakistan, China, Japan, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand, they said.

In clear air at dawn and dusk, observers would be able to see it with the unaided eye, the experts added.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1 Blondie Vendetta Mourne Outsider—Many Returns.	RACE 1 Vendetta Blondie Mourne Outsider—Full-of-Spirit.
RACE 2 The Cherub Billy Boy Adonis Outsider—Lombard.	RACE 2 The Cherub Bell Me To-night Adonis Outsider—Distant Sky.
RACE 3 Thousand Miles Wise Leader Emperor Delight Outsider—Rebel II.	RACE 3 Wise Leader Moorish Thousand Miles Outsider—Emperor Delight.
RACE 4 Tumbleweed Senorita Tune-phone Outsider—Tamerlane.	RACE 4 Amopla Tumbleweed Tune-phone Outsider—Trade Wind.
RACE 5 Ma Cherie Good Girl Tell-me-more Outsider—Pot O'Gold.	RACE 5 Pot O'Gold Ma Cherie Comet Outsider—Good Girl.
RACE 6 Night People Strathlan Jingle Bell Outsider—Golden Branch.	RACE 6 Strathlan Jingle Bell Fire-glo Outsider—Babale.
RACE 7 Balkan Monarch Amethyst Rebel III Outsider—Princess Ellen.	RACE 7 Balkan Monarch Amethyst October Morn. Outsider—Princess Ellen.
RACE 8 Mainsail II Brivisto Souvenir Outsider—Orange Beauty.	RACE 8 Gallant Knight Mainsail II Amusement Outsider—Orange Beauty.
RACE 9 City of Victoria Norme King Ben Nevis Outsider—Ont.	RACE 9 Caravelle City of Victoria Ben Nevis Outsider—Chakurum.
RACE 10 Mascot Diana Corvette Outsider—Sportmanship.	RACE 10 Mascot Sportmanship Crackerjack Outsider—Corvette.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 6th race

It does it all the way sometimes

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Tip Top, which won and paid a dividend of \$10.50.

High Octane gasoline needs **TICA**

ONLY SHELL HAS BOTH

SHELL WITH **TICA**

The most powerful gasoline you can buy.

FLY!

To INDIA To EUROPE To JAPAN

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Check these advantages:
✓ Constellation and Super Constellation comfort
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AIR-INDIA International

11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM

"DAIQUIRI"

1 measure Bacardi Carta Blanca Rum, juice of 1/2 lime and 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass.

Imported by: CALDERON, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.

KING'S PRINCESS

— SHOWING TO-DAY —

CINEMASCOPE



THE EXCITING TRUE
LIFE STORY OF
AUDIE MURPHY
AMERICA'S MOST
DECORATED HERO!
Starring **AUDIE MURPHY**
with MARSHALL THOMPSON
A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

At PRINCESS to-day: Free sample of "LION"
Dental Cream to patrons.

KING'S

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"TO HELL AND BACK"
EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEES
TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox present
A Variety Programme of
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

At 12.10 p.m. GEMINI FILMS present
An Indian Production

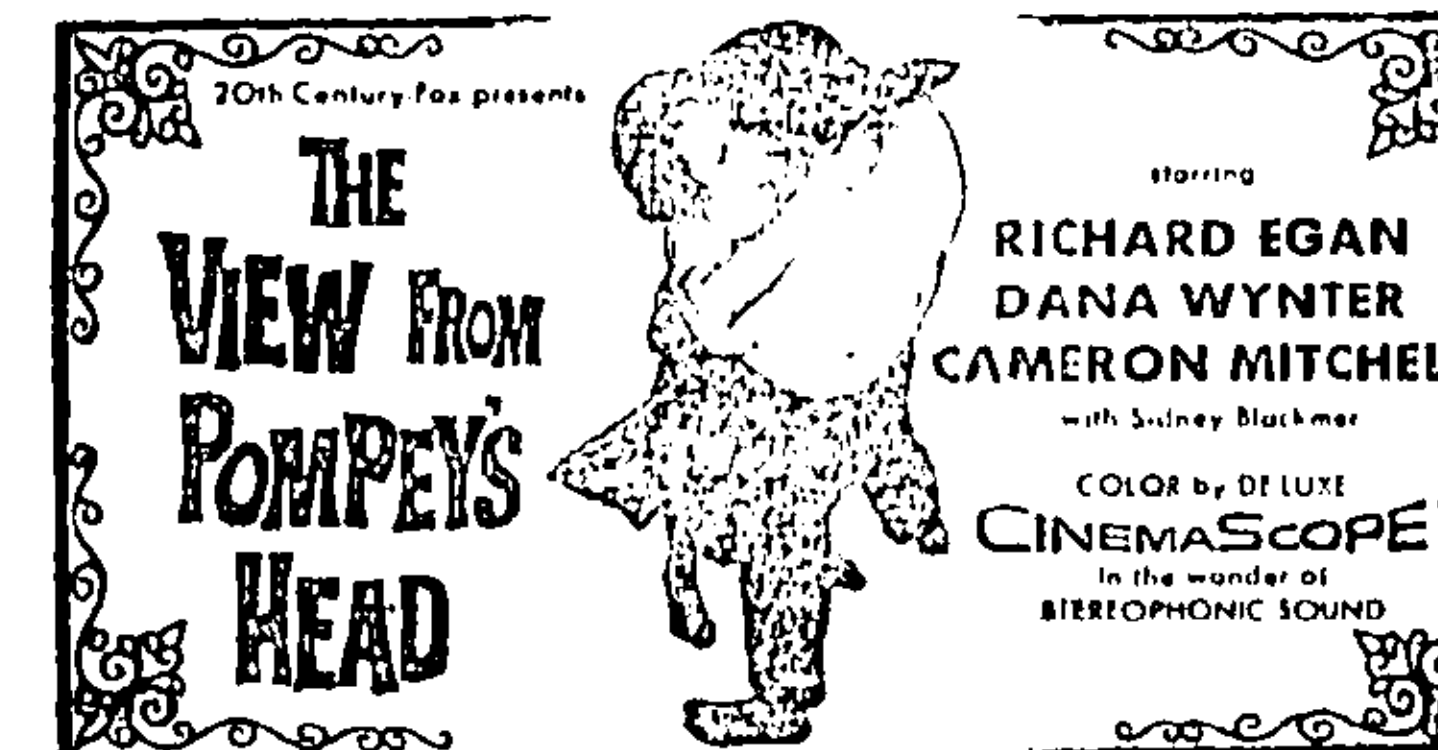
"NISHAN"

Starring Bhanumati — Ranjan — Nagendra Rao
J. S. Kashyap — Maya Banerji
Produced & Directed by S. S. Vasan
Music by Rajeshwar Rao & M. D. Parthasarathy

Regular Admission Prices

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION! A CINEMASCOPE Exclusive
"SURVIVAL CITY" Color by DeLuxe
Atomic "OPERATION CUE" — filmed on the spot
in Nevada by MOVIE TONE!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY:
A SELECTED PROGRAMME
OF THREE STOOGES
COMEDY & TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
Presented by
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BROADWAY:
WALT DISNEY'S
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
PROGRAMME
Presented by
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Reduced Admission —
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 cts.

LEE Theatre

TO-NIGHT
At 7.30 p.m.

LEE WING WAH CANTONESE OPERA CO.
"LUTE SONG" (記琵琶)
(CHOY YUNG and CHIU NG NEUNG)

HOTEL MIRAMAR

DINNER DANCE
every night

Music by
TONY AREVALO AND HIS
"MIRAMAR" CABALLEROS
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FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Scarlet Coat". A complicated
mixture of spies, counter spies and treachery during the
American Revolution. Cornell Wilde, Michael Wilding
and George Sanders.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "To Hell and Back". Actor Audie
Murphy was highly decorated during the war for his
courage. This picture tells of some of his exploits. A
return visit.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Tennessee's Partner". A
western. John Payne, Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming
and Colleen Gray.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Touch and Go". The trials
and tribulations of a family on the brink of emigrating
to Australia — and not sure they want to go anyway.
Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston, Roland Culver and
John Fraser.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The View From Pompey's Head".
A romantic drama involving the colour prejudice still in
existence in some of the southern states of the U.S.A.
Richard Egan, Cameron Mitchell and Dana Wynter.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Marauders". A western.
Dan Duryea, Jeff Richards, Keenan Wynn and Jarma
Lewis.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Genevieve". A delightful British
comedy returns. Kenneth More, Kay Kendall and John
Gregson.
"Kiss of Fire". A mixture of fighting, romance and
melodrama. Jack Palance and Barbara Rush.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Raising a Riot". A
British comedy. Kenneth More.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Heidi". A re-make of the
Shirley Temple film about a little Swiss girl.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Texas Lady". A western.
Claudette Colbert and Barry Sullivan.

Everybody is terribly de-
cent and gentlemanly in
"The Scarlet Coat" —
so anxious in fact were the
makers to avoid offending
either Great Britain or
America in this story on
the American Revolution.
But half the time I wasn't
sure who was on who's
side.

Cornell Wilde, as what would
probably be called a special
agent these days, was American.
He poses as an American turn-
coat (in the nicest possible way,
of course) to try to uncover
the identity of a mysterious
"Gustavus" whose intercepted
letters to the British pinpoint
him as a highly placed Ameri-
can traitor who is planning to
sell out to the British.

The nigger in the woodpile,
as any small boy will probably
tell you, is General Benedict
Arnold. However, in the pic-
ture, it is presumed that most
people are ignorant of this fact
and a lot of time is used up by
half hearted suspicion, being
placed on the shoulders of
several featured characters.

In spite of the fact that the
British were in unmistakably
Royal blue coats and the
Americans in technicoloured red
I found myself forced to lean
left and right towards my com-
patriots in the cinema almost
every five minutes to whisper
"whose side is he on?"

The play of it is that the
story of the intended defection
of Benedict Arnold is an ab-
sorbing one, and could have
been made into an interesting
film. Cornell Wilde makes a
gallant and fair minded Ameri-
can, and Michael Wilding, as
his counterpart on the British
side displays the same qualities.
There is too much talk of a
mediocre type to retain the at-
tention however, even if it is
captured in the beginning—
which is doubtful. And the
action is a combination of tedious
and intricate detail which is at
the same time dull and bewildering.

Anne Francis was entirely
superfluous and George Sanders
needed only have changed his
clothes to have been playing any
one of his recent roles.

A Misleading Title

"The View From Pom-
pey's Head" has the advan-
tage of having been given
a title that could mislead
anybody.

Those not familiar with the
peculiar names of some of the
towns in the southern states of
America could be forgiven for
thinking that this picture had a
nodding acquaintance with an-
cient history.

Don't let it fool you. Yvonne
de Carlo once starred in a film
called "Dance Where She
Dances" and it was in fact
about a western mud town. If
they ever make a film called
"Cremwell Lived Here" in-
vestigate it thoroughly before
expecting anything about the
Great Rebellion.

But to revert to Pompeys
Head. Nobody in the picture
ever bothers to say why this
community in the deep south
ever acquired its peculiar name
and it is irrelevant anyway.
What makes it of special im-
portance to the story of the film
is its attitude towards negroes.
Everybody is slightly on the
subject, but the truth remains
that nobody who is, thinks they
are, or who aspires to be any-
body would ever admit to
having been descended from
other than a purely white
family. Pompey's Head is a
 Dixie town that still thinks of
northerners as damn Yankees.

Richard Egan In The Starring Role

The screenplay has been taken
from a book by someone called
Hamilton Basso. I haven't read
it, but from the insinuations of
the film I should imagine it's
one of those epics that appear
in paper backed covers with a
modest note inside to the effect
that it is the eighth series and
that over a million copies have
been sold.

That personable product of
Hollywood—now almost always
appearing for 20th Century Fox
—Richard Egan is an employee
of a publishing firm that is being
sued for the sum of \$182,000
by the wife of their best writer.
The writer is in semi-retire-
ment on a windy coast town in
the south where all the com-
mercialism of the New York
publishing firm is alien.
Egan is a particularly good re-
presentative to send to this part
of the world as he was born
there. However, as so often hap-
pens in real life, his return is
something of a let-down. His
ties have been severed and
what's more, the publisher's
cut of all to the southerners is

the fact that he no longer speaks
with a southern drawl.
However, his former sweet-
heart makes up for that (she
was born in England and lived
in Rhodesia before galloping
Hollywood, so presumably finds
the accent easy) and the
southern syrup fairly oozes from
her come-dithery lips.

I believe I omitted to mention
that Richard Egan, before his
trip south, showed all the cus-
tomary evidences of being
happily married to a blonde
northerner.

Dialogue Could Be Better

The triangle in Pompey's Head
resolves itself into a quartet—
although the New York girl
wisely stays out of the picture
for Dana Wynter (our southern
girl) is already married to
nouveau-riche Cameron Mitchell.
Strife into the mixture a little
extra complication in the form
of a reluctance on the part of
the writer to sue his deceased
partner's company for the
to him and you have the
ingredients for the plot of "The
View From Pompey's Head".

Dramatically it scores. In
these glossy, big screen affairs,
the plot is all too often
sacrificed to commonplace
situations that can be seen a
mile away.

The actors, unfortunately,
have not been given sufficiently
intelligent dialogue to put over
the basic idea which was to
show the stiff-necked pride,
and refusal to accept com-
mercialism, of the old families
of the southern states of America.

Richard Egan is easy,
pleasant and healthy looking,
but he is more at home with
the happy-go-lucky characters
he was with in "Underwater"
than as a single-minded lawyer.
Dana Wynter could shed most
of the mannerisms and find that
somewhere she had the makings
of an actress and Cameron
Mitchell would be wise to give
up these supporting roles and
stick out for the more worth-
while parts with which he
shows promise of being able to
cope.

The Family That Didn't Go

"Touch And Go", to me,
was remarkable for the
lengths to which the makers
felt an intelligent wife
should go to boost the ego
and placate the bad temper
of her husband.

Anybody can argue with me
about the fact that it was meant
to be a comedy, thereby allow-
ing an situation to be "ex-
plained" for the humourous pro-
portion beyond life-size might
produce, but they will not be
able to convince me that a per-
son as balanced as Margaret
Johnston could have accepted as
a husband, let alone produced a
child by such a schoolboyish
Englishman as Jack Hawkins.

The nicest part of this picture
is the shy love affair between
the two juvenile leads. They
meet when the family cat with
the absurd name of "Heath-
cliff" has to be saved from a
was grave in the River Thames.
Sensing that he is to be passed
on to a kind, but unfamili-
ar friend, Heathcliff, who's a half-
full glance at the world in

studies have spared no effort
to tell us what a nice, average,
representative — of all — that's-
best — in — the — British — character
person he is, but in spite of all
that build up, I'm afraid that
I cannot see Jack Hawkins as
an actor. The rest of the cast
including Roland Culver, who
can steal a scene (but gallantly
doesn't attempt to this time)
with the best of them and
actors Jack Hawkins, for the
moment, is a star!

Around The World In Todd-AO

One of the nicest things
about cinema reviewing is
that anything new or
startling is launched with
a cocktail party.

I looked through the most
unusual camera the other night
— on Tuesday, to be exact — it
was parked in the middle of the
Peninsula's "Green Room" and
it was the star of the party.

The newest of wide-screen
processes, Todd-AO combines a
completely different lens system
from the ordinary movie camera
with larger film, a 6-channel
ultra high fidelity sound system
and a new curved screen en-
crusted with hundreds of thou-
sands of tiny lenses.
It was brought here (sur-
rounded by as much care as a
newly-born child) to shoot the
last sequences of Jules Verne's
classic "Around the World in 80
Days".

The term Todd-AO is a com-
bination of the names of
Michael Todd, whose idea it
was, and the initials of the
American Optical company who
developed it. It is more than
simply wide-screen, it is also
large screen and wide angle.
Pictures photographed by this
process are taken on film that is
65 mm. wide—nearly twice as
large and taking in more than
three times the area of standard
35 mm. film.

The film itself is projected on
to a curved screen with a very
light reflectance surface. A
typical size is 50 feet across and
25 feet high, with a curve 13
feet deep in the centre. The
system over other processes is
that, like Cinerama (which
those of you who have been on
home leave recently will have
been lucky enough to have seen)
it lifts the spectator right out
of his seat and puts him down
in the middle of the action.
However, Todd-AO claims to be
able to do this without the
inevitable distortion of Cine-
rama.

The people who accompanied
this giant-sized new gadget to
Hongkong, although enthusiastic
about its potentialities seemed
far more blasé about their con-
tacts with the "greats" of the
movie world than most film fans
would be. Perhaps we put our
film stars on too high a pedestal!

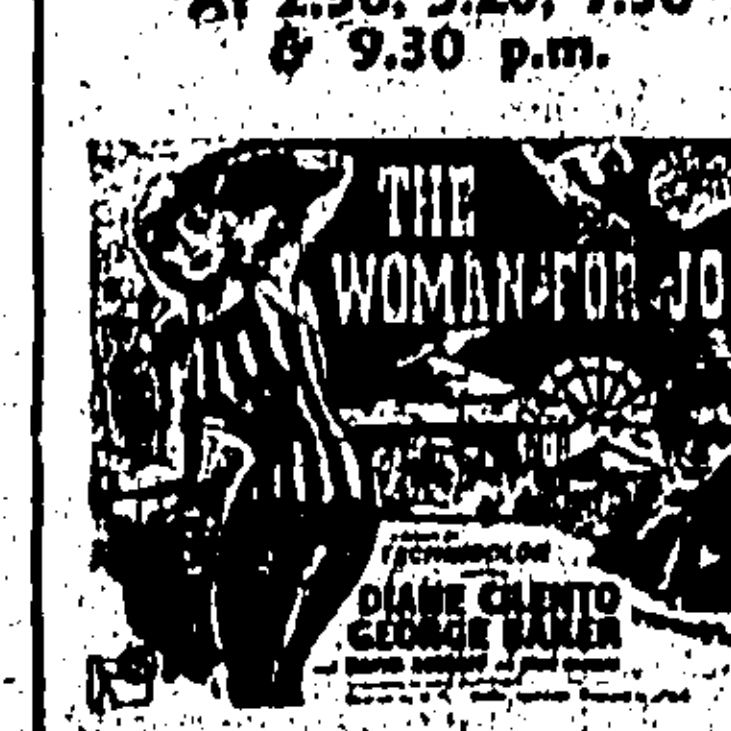
A Galaxy Of Stars In This Film

But to return to "Around the
World in 80 Days". The pic-
ture has an array of names that
make some of the wartime star
packages like "Hollywood Can-
tern" look a little thin.

David Niven, Cantinflas,
Robert Newton and Shirley
Maclaine head the cast, but
some of the others making brief
appearances are even more well
known. Here are some of them:
Frank Sinatra, Ronald Colman,
Charles Coburn, Noel Coward,
Fernando, Marlene Dietrich,
Robert Morley, Marlynne Carol,
John Gielgud, Glynis Johns,
Gilbert Roland — and many
others equally as well known.
Even if the Todd-AO camera
doesn't equal its claims, it will
be a treat in itself to
see all these stars together.
The picture is due to be shown
in April this year.



MAJESTIC
SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 p.m.



TO-MORROW MORNING
SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
Reduced Prices —
Only 10c for "THE WOMAN FOR JOE"
"SOCIETY" DEFENDS
ITSELF!
Venice Film Festival Award!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY
From the Witty Pen of William Rose
Who Wrote "GENEVIEVE"

JACK
HAWKINS
MARGARET
JOHNSTON



TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.
QUEEN'S
RKO's Technicolor
"The Carnival
Story"
Anne Baxter • Stove Cochran
ALHAMBRA
RKO's Technicolor
"The Princess &
The Pirate"
Bob Hope • Virginia Mayo
AT REDUCED PRICES

HOOVER : LIBERTY

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



3 SHOWS ON SUNDAY
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"VIMPERIA"
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Russian Boys & Girls Want 'City Slicker' Names

Moscow. A number of traditional Russian Christian names are falling out of use in the Soviet Union under a new form of nomenclature which has come with industrialisation.

Before World War II any young Russian boy would have been proud to bear an ancient name like Vasily, Pyotr or Evdora, and a girl, Darya, Kseniya or Nastya.

But now parents rush enough to christen their child with one such name are not likely to be thanked when the child grows up.

Russia is traditionally a backward, agrarian country which since the revolution has given top priority to building up its own industry. Now, the glittering "city slicker" names are being given to everybody in the "city lights."

Country Bumpkins

Children called Pyotr or Darya are laughed at in school and protest that their parents gave them names fit only for country bumpkins.

In a letter to the magazine Noy Mir a school mistress described a class in which nearly all the girls were called Natasha, and nearly all the boys Vovka (short for Volodya).

"It was all very simple before; there were 'church calendars' and every day had its own 'saint,' whose name was often given to the newly born child," she said.

"We have done away with 'church calendars' and 'saints,' but for some reason have at the same time forgotten dozens of different national, colourful and individual names." China Mail Special.

NUDE BATHING BELOW ZERO?

Vienna. Austro-Hungarian border incidents are "frequently" caused by nude Austrian women, a Major of the Hungarian border Police told Austrian authorities at a recent bi-national meeting.

Major S. Kovacs accused Austrian peasant women of bathing naked in the Austro-Hungarian border-rivers—"thus luring Hungarian border guards into Austrian territory."

"Hungarian soldiers are only simple human beings and cannot resist the temptation," the major explained when questioned by Austrian police officials on several illegal border-crossings of Hungarian border guards last autumn.

Kovacs had no answer when told by Austrian officials that some of the border incidents occurred on days when temperatures were below the freezing point.—United Press.

From Jeddah: A New Look For The Prophet's Tomb Of Medina.

From Salisbury: Exports Are Re-pairing A 600-Year-Old Clock Recently Found At The Cathedral.

From Moscow: "Country Bumpkin" Names Are Unfashionable Now For Boys And Girls.

From Vienna: Hungarian Officials Blame Nude Bathing In Austria For Border Incidents.

A Breath Of Fresh Air

Four towering, crescent-topped minarets today proclaim to the Moslem world that the greatest-of-all-time renovation of the Tomb of the Prophet at Medina is nearing completion.

Pointing heavenward, they spiral into the sky of Islam a wealth of architectural detail, fine arabesques and interlaced Koranic inscriptions mingling in oriental splendour and religious fervour.

Nine massive, star-studded, brass-bound gates lead into the Masjid al-Nabawi al-Sheriff, Mohammed's mosque and burial place. Inside the Holy Shrine's air conditioned hallways, more than a thousand ornate, marble pillars support an impressive series of high domes, arcades and porticoes.

A revolutionary Egyptian-Arab style of floral and geometric designs, standing out like bus-reliefs, has replaced the old classical Andalusian school of carved and perforated decoration. Like creepers, intricate patterns crawl along the outer wall, almost two miles long, on the fluted, of domes and windows and up the towering, pencil-shaped minarets.

World's Highest

The minarets of Medina are the highest in the world. Of three stories, they rise almost 320 feet into the sky, dwarfing the 244 feet high twin minarets of the Mohammed Ali Mosque in Cairo's Citadel and the 260 feet high minarets of the St. Sophia Mosque in Istanbul.

The area of the Holy Shrine has been enlarged to twice its former size. Fluorescent lighting from a myriad 'kawabils' (specially designed brass lanterns) fitted in every tiny corner, round the

Jeddah.

colonnades, and big 'nagars' (chandeliers) hanging from the ceiling, illuminate the Holy Shrine day and night.

Through a radio network the voice of the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. Five times a day, from the heart of a Arabia across the deserts and oceans, the message of Islam reaches Moslems all over the world.

It was early in 1952 that news swept through Islam that 21 of the 337 pillars which support the Prophet's shrine showed signs of decay and were threatened with collapse. Mohammedians from all over the world hastened to contribute money for urgent repairs to the damaged colonnades.

King Paid Bill

But the late King Ibn Saud who, by tradition, was the sole guardian and guardian of the Holy Shrine at Mecca and Medina, the "Haramain," or two sanctuaries of Islam, undertook this duty on behalf of all Moslems.

He met the cost from his private purse into which flowed dollars by the million in royalties derived from American exploitation of the rich oilfields, as well as the fees paid every year by pilgrims visiting the Shrine.

Ibn Saud sacrificed Wahhabi tradition and belief, which condemn any form of reverence to a shrine, and avoided the possibility of differences between the war like Saudi Arabs and other Moslem peoples. The old Monarch, however, made one condition—that the Prophet's Mosque with its beautiful green dome should remain untouched.

Moslem architects from Pakistan, Syria and Egypt were called in to submit schemes for the renovation. The final plan and specifications were drawn

(That's The Conditioning System)

Comes To The Prophet's Tomb

up by two young Egyptian architects, the brothers Fahmy and Mustafa Momen. Contractors from Europe, America and the Middle East soon moved into Medina with their legions of workers and heavy equipment. The damaged pillars were reinforced by metal cables, but the north, east and west wings of the Masjid al-Sheriff were demolished and rebuilt.

Five hundred skilled Egyptian workers and 10,000 Saudi labourers toiled in the sweltering Arabian sun to rebuild the Holy Shrine. Seventy Italian sculptors cut marble of various hues, mosaics and all the fine stone work. As no non-Moslem is allowed inside Medina, the Italians worked outside the Holy City.

Engineers of Moslem faith installed a complex air-conditioning system and radio network imported from the United States. A new power station was built nearby to provide light for Medina al-Mounawara—"The Illuminated City."

Yellow Brass Gates

King Abdel Aziz Ibn Saud did not live to see this masterpiece of the Islamic architecture finished. His son, King Saud, however, named one of the nine holy gates "Bab el Aziz," as a fitting dedication to the glory and memory of the creator of modern Arabia and the sponsor of the grandiose renovation of the Shrine.

Two of the other gates which rival the doors of the great Vatican Basilica of St. Peter in beauty and grandeur, were named "Bab el Rahma" (Gate of Mercy) and "Bab el Salaam" (Gate of Peace).

Wider Streets

The big problem now confronting the architects on the Medina project is the main road, French, Belgian and Swiss watchmaking firms of international repute have so far not been able to produce a "minzala" (sun-dial) which would move with the sun and automatically return to 12 noon at sunset.

King Saud who fulfilled his father's wish for the restoration of the Prophet's Tomb, ordered a replanning of the town of Medina. This entailed the expropriation and clearance of more than a thousand small houses which crowded the approaches to the Holy Shrine. Old streets were broadened and new ones built.

The scheme provides for parking areas for the sleek limousine cars of the wealthy and stables for the horses, camels and donkeys of the poorer pilgrims.

When, at the next hajj, pilgrims from countries all the way from Morocco to Indonesia come to Medina in their hundreds of thousands, they will find in the shrine plenty of prayer space in the cool shade where they may kneel down on rich carpets in humble devotion to Allah and his prophet Mohamed.—China Mail Special.

Exclusive Club For Teddy Boys

Sheffield. A former Army sergeant-major, who now manages a Sheffield cinema, has decided to form a club for local Teddy Boys.

Mr. Bill Clark, aged 58, said: "I have had my share of trouble-making Teddy Boys. They have ripped seats, torn away ash trays and caused many unpleasant incidents. This society will enable our long-haired friends to employ their energy in more useful and healthy channels than hooliganism and fighting."

Qualifications for membership of the Sheffield Edwardian Society are film-star haircuts, calf-tingling trousers, drape jackets, shoe-string ties, white socks and fancy waistcoats. "I, too, was once a Teddy Boy, but in the days when the public looked up to the young Edwardian," Mr. Clark said, recalling his boyhood in the reign of King Edward VII.—China Mail Special.

Dog Catchers Under Fire

Madrid. A newspaper "A.B.C." has leapt to the defence of the city's dogs in an article which alleges that the municipal dog-catchers "carry out their task without discrimination and in Nazi style."

It claimed that the dog-catchers comb the streets of Madrid each morning and take away to be killed very dog they see, regardless of whether it is a stray or not.

"And all these dogs are killed because occasionally in summer a dog has rabies," the newspaper added.—China Mail Special.

DIAL "I" FOR INSULTS

Lisbon. Police are hunting mystery women whose hobby is to call people up on the telephone and insult them. Two arrests have been made.—China Mail Special.

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14th Century Clock Found In Salisbury Cathedral

Salisbury. Plans are being made to restore what is claimed to be the world's oldest clock, a huge iron machine nearly 600 years old, which is now standing on a temporary platform in the north aisle of Salisbury Cathedral.

The clock, which is believed to date from the year 1388, was virtually unnoticed until rediscovered recently by a horologist from Bristol, West England.

It has no dial, and experts who are working on the plans for its restoration believe that it never had one.

Their plan is to replace certain missing parts, painting them a distinguishing colour, so that they cannot be identified as part of the original mechanism.

If these plans are carried out, the clock will again function exactly as it did during medieval times.

But the experts warned that visitors to Salisbury Cathedral would be well advised to check the old clock's time by their own wrist watches. Early clocks are notoriously inaccurate, they say, and the Salisbury clock may be wrong by as much as a quarter of an hour each day.—China Mail Special.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I waited so long for you I spent all my dough on sandwiches and sodas—anything good on TV tonight?"

FARMER WAS ALMOST "HARVESTED"

Durban. A Humanoid farmer, Mr. Johan Van der Watt, escaped with minor injuries when he was "harvested" by his own harvesting machine.

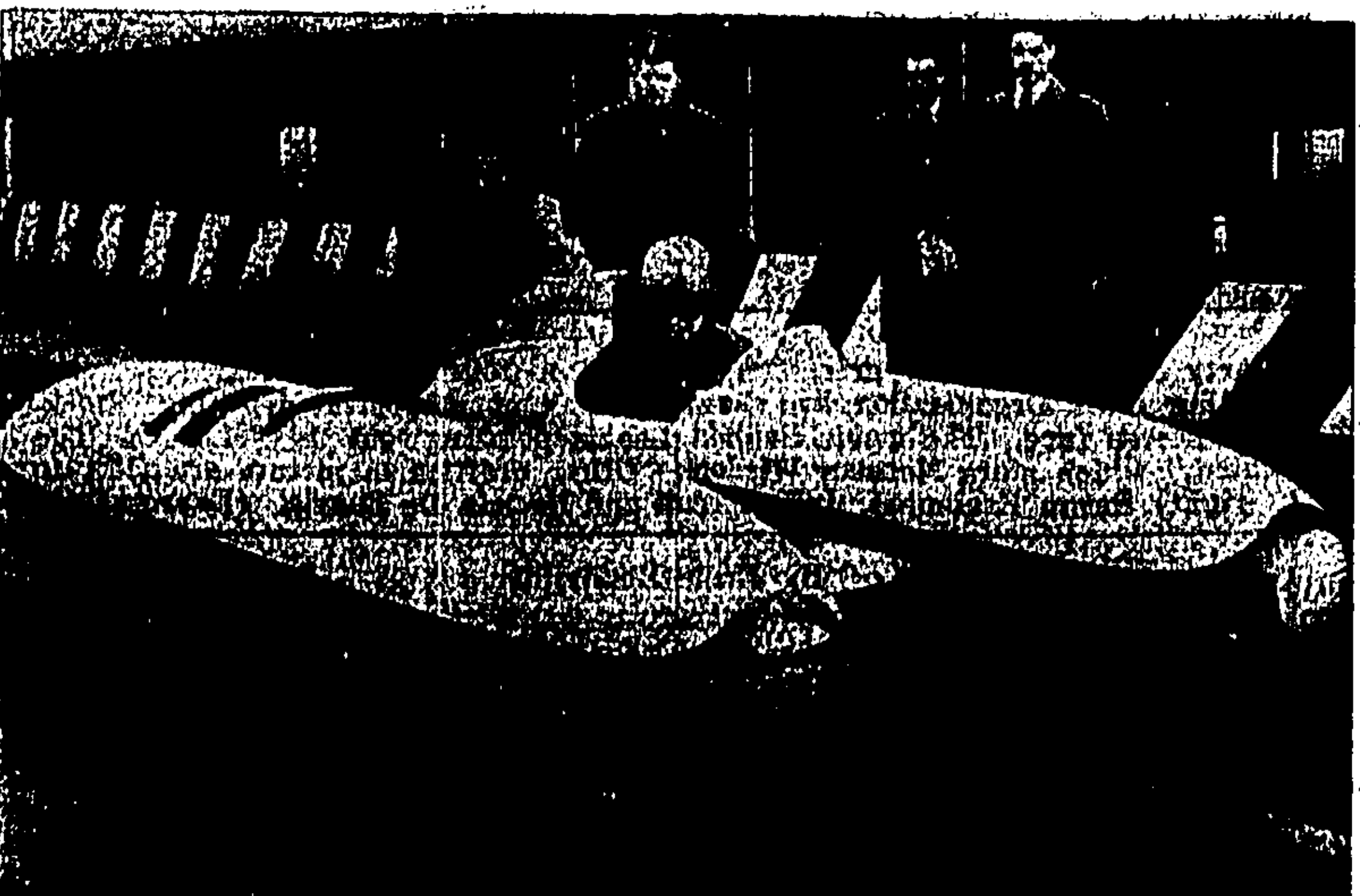
He lost his tractor moving slowly while he slipped behind to look at the harvester. The mechanism caught his clothing and stripped him naked.—China Mail Special.

Indiscretion Of A Stargazer

Lisbon. A wealthy woman complained to the police that she had been "blackmailed" for tens of thousands of pounds (hundreds of pounds sterling) after telling her secrets to an astrologer.

Police made three arrests and alleged that the astrologer had told the secrets to his wife, the wife had told a nephew, and the nephew had passed the news on.—China Mail Special.

It May Set New World Records

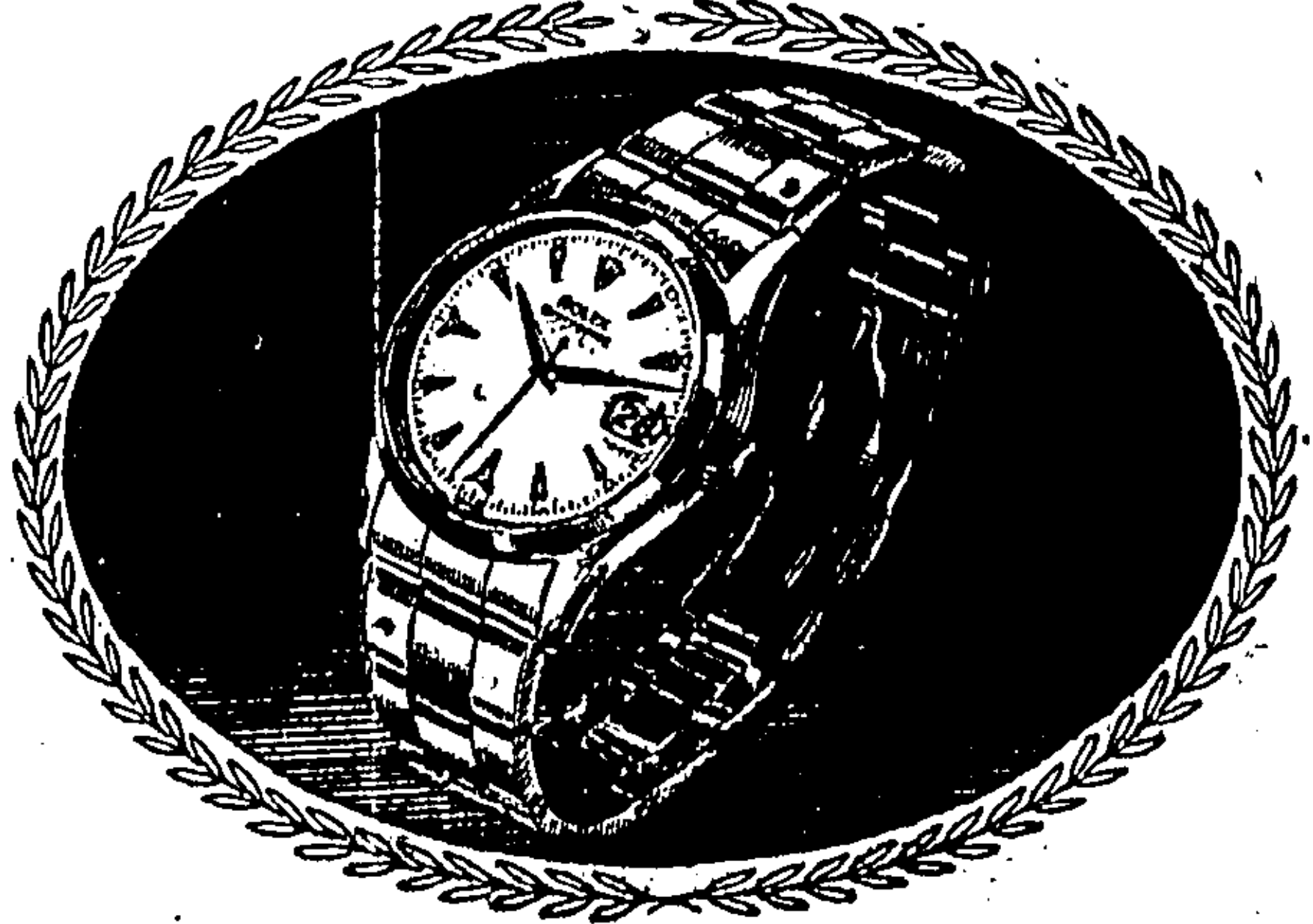


Moscow, Italy. Italian roadracer Piero Taruffi is shown seated in his "Taruffi II" during tests here recently. The "Taruffi II" is a combination

motorcycle and car, is equipped with a 1725 cc engine and technicians say it will reach a speed of more than 197 m.p.h.

When tests were held here Taruffi believed only heavy fog prevented him setting up a new world record.—London Express Photo.

A calendar watch you can afford The superbly accurate Rolex Oysterdate



THE calendar watch has become as essential and desirable as an ordinary watch, but hitherto it has not been too practical a proposition—owing to its expense. Now, however, there is the Rolex Oysterdate—a magnificent watch that tells the time and the date, and which you can afford.

Incorporated in this superb watch are many famous Rolex features: the intricate movement is perfectly guarded from dust, damp, and perspiration by the unique Oyster case and "Twinlock" Safety Crown, which keep it waterproof even when the stem is pulled out for hand-setting; the seconds are counted out by a graceful, sweep second-hand; the date is clearly shown, automatically, in a neat window on the dial; and, of course, the movement itself is beautifully built by Rolex craftsmen, ensuring the accuracy for which every Rolex watch is justly famous.

The Rolex Oysterdate fulfils a need for a highly reliable calendar watch of elegance and precision at a moderate cost.

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- 2 Completely waterproofed by the Oyster case
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- 5 Luminous Rolex dial
- 6 Super shock-resisting
- 7 Anti-magnetic
- 8 Sweep second-hand
- 9 Precision movement of "Rolex accuracy"
- 10 World-wide Rolex service

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



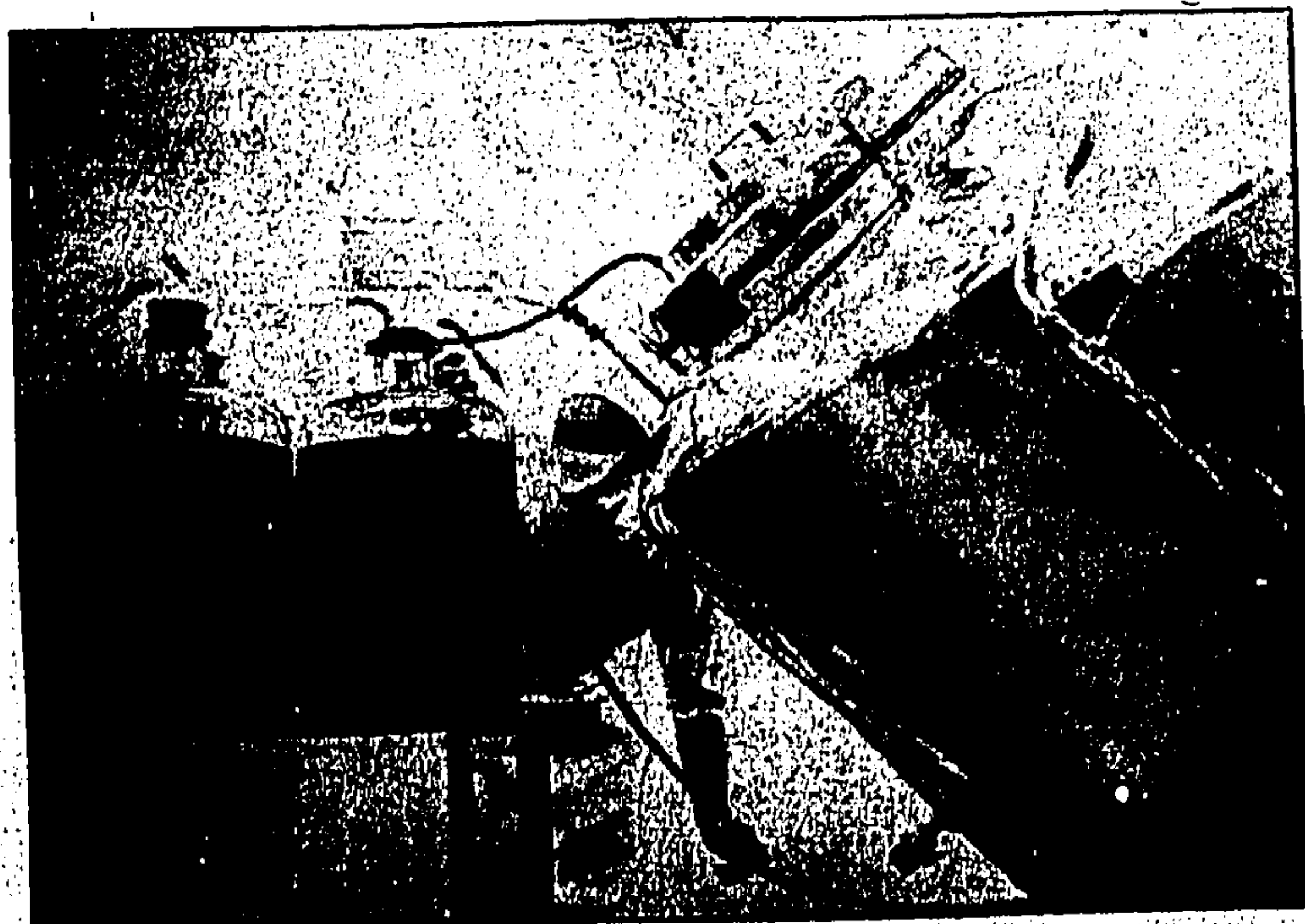
WEST END producer Robert Nesbitt has just returned to London from Las Vegas, Nevada, with blonde dancer Lee Sharon on contract to appear in cabaret in London. One newspaper columnist pinned on her the glassy-eyed description "alarmingly lovely." Miss Sharon calls her dance "sophisticated sex." (Express)



CONTINUING violence and tension in Cyprus has caused the British Government to dispatch 1,200 paratroopers to the island. They are men of the 1st and 3rd Parachute Battalions. Three "red berets" checking their rifles preparatory to taking off on the airlift. (Express)



GLAMOROUS Diana Dors seen on a set at Pinewood Studios with comedian Bob Hope. She refused a part in his Christmas show for troops in Iceland, but has consented to appear with him at the Wood Green Empire for the making of a film for American TV. Bob is in England for the making of the picture, "Not For Money." (Central)



A modified version of the Salk polio vaccine used in the USA is now being made in Britain and will be issued free to children between the ages of two and nine years. The Ministry of Health hopes to inoculate 500,000 children before summer. Photo shows single strains of vaccine being transferred to stainless steel tanks for mixing. Three distinct strains of killed polio virus are used. (AP)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



WHEN is a baron not a lord? When he's 37-year-old Baron Nugent, who is to play the part of a "typical British peer" on television in America. He says: "I am not a peer and have never been entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. I should not be called Lord Nugent. That is not right. I am Baron Nugent of Clontarf." (Express)



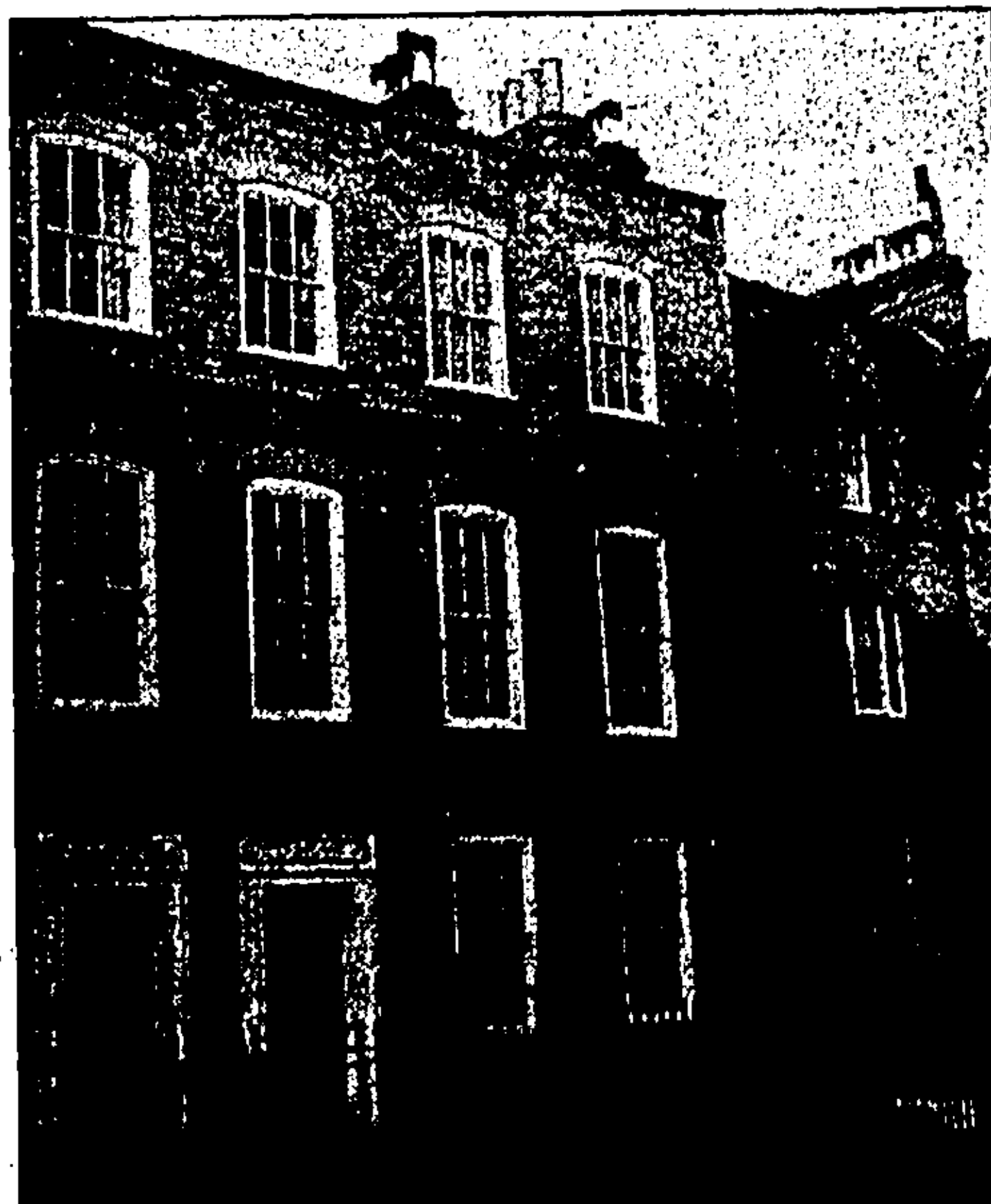
AN English priest has bought an acre of land on the moon so that, when the first space expedition succeeds, the first lunar church can be erected. He is the Rev. Alfred Baldwin, of Buxton, Derbyshire, who acquired title from the Interplanetary Development Corporation of New York. Father Baldwin has promised two of his pupils that they can travel with him to the moon if he goes. They are Patrick Cunningham and Peter Madden, both 12, here looking excitedly at the deed. (Express)



TWO German princesses on their first night out in London. Princess Christina of Hesse, 22, and her cousin, Princess Beatrix of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, 20, currently in London to study art, watching a sideshow at a Dorchester Hotel charity dance. (Express)



ELIZABETH SEAL, 21-year-old unknown who was an overnight sensation in the London production of the musical comedy, "The Pajama Game," is to marry Mr Peter Townsend, 25, who combines writing for advertising by day with writing and performing cabaret acts by night. They plan to marry in February. (Express)

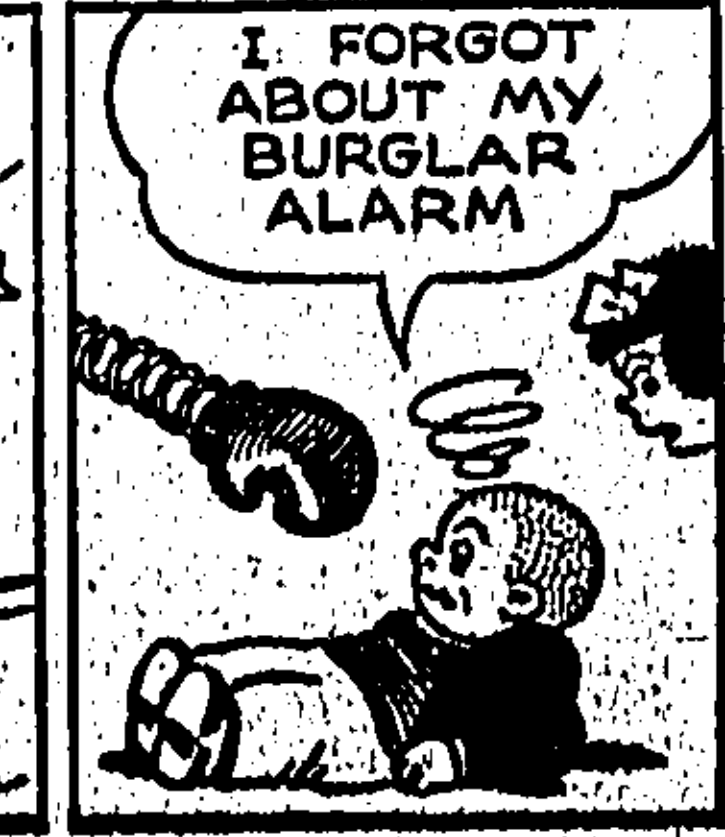
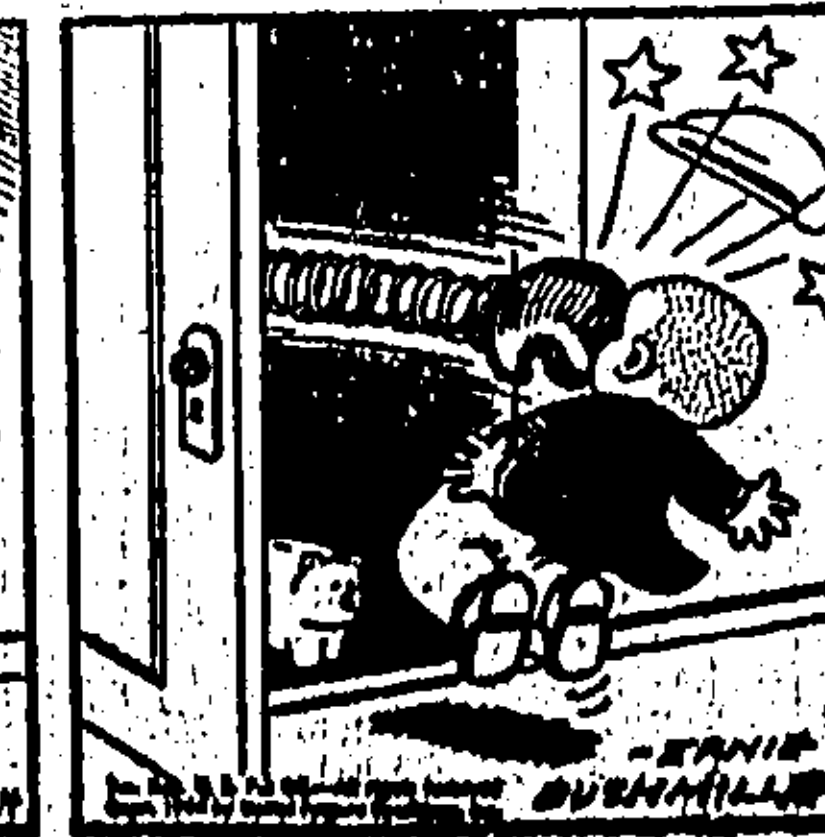


YESTERDAY was the 200th anniversary of the birth of the composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Picture is of No. 180 Lower Ebury Street, Southwest London, where he wrote his first symphony when only eight years old. The young musical genius spent 17 months in London with his family, and played before the Royal Family with immense success. (Banews)



A party of British film actresses, now on a tour of Scandinavia for the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, are shown looking at a poster depicting Stockholm's screen fare. The movie Belinda Lee is pointing out is "Man Of The Moment," which stars Norman Wisdom. Other pretties in picture are (left to right) Susan Beaumont, Julia Arnall and Brenda De Banzie. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



More troop movements. . . Turning to the Monte Carlo Rally in an effort to avoid military subjects we find there is no escape. At least four gentlemen from the Brigade of Guards and one high-ranking naval officer were among the competitors. Knowing all about the friendly atmosphere that builds up on such occasions, I can tell what our friend on the left has been saying. "What have you done with the band?" he said.

—(London Express Service).

HE SPENT YEARS TRY-
ING TO TRAIN UP

THE PERFECT WIFE

AND THEN HIS BEST
FRIEND MARRIED HER!

One of the World's Strangest
Stories by John Sidney

IT is hard to find a perfect wife — or husband, for that matter. Thomas Day, a rich 18th century lawyer and writer, born in London on June 22, 1748, thought he knew the reason why perfect wives were so scarce — men chose wives ready-made as it were. Why not a tailor-made wife?

So argued the 21-year-old Day fresh from Oxford University, and already twice disappointed in love. There was the young lady of Shrewsbury who had stoutly resisted his notion that they should marry and "live unnoticed in some secret grove." And another attractive young woman, the sister of his great friend, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, had also refused him — though he was well off, was not unhandsome and had a very kind heart.

The truth of the matter was that Day, in the eyes of practical young women, had a number of "cranky" notions which he had imbibed at Oxford — notably the notions of social equality and a return to the simple life of the savage as propagated by the French philosopher, Jean Jacques Rousseau, who lived from 1712-1778.

Two orphans

FINDING no young woman who was imbued with similar ideas, Day decided that he would rear a perfect wife for himself. Accompanied by one of his best friends, James Bicknell, he chose two 12-year-old orphans. One was a flaxen-haired beauty whom he called Sabrina, and the other, a brunette, he named Lucetta.

The authorities of the orphanage from which he took the girls surrendered them into his keeping on his own conditions that he should choose one of them to be his wife and the other he would apprentice and maintain until she married or became independent. If he should change his mind about marrying his choice, then he would give her a marriage portion instead.

Lot of trouble

HE took them to Avignon in France, where he had an adventurous time; he nursed them through smallpox and saved their lives in a boating accident.

According to Anna Seward, a writer of the day, who was rather flatteringly called the "Swan of Lichfield," the children gave him a lot of trouble on account of their bad temper and ignorance. But Miss Seward is an unreliable witness and Day's letters to Richard Edgeworth are full of praise for the tempers of his charges.

However, back in London, Lucetta was declared to be "invincibly stupid," and soon apprenticed to a milliner. Subsequently she made a good marriage to a linen draper.

Day continued patiently with the education of the blonde

Sabrina. Miss Seward alleges that Day proceeded to test Sabrina's fortitude by firing pistols loaded with blanks at her ears and at her petticoats. For a time Sabrina stayed at the house of James Bicknell. In 1770 Day took Sabrina to Lichfield, where a circle of writers and thinkers radiated about the persons of Erasmus Darwin and Dr Samuel Johnson.

Then, this part of her education complete, Sabrina was sent to a boarding school at Sutton Coldfield.

Social graces

ABOUT this time Day thought he saw a perfect wife, ready-made and to hand. She was Honora, Sned — but she liked the idea of complete seclusion no more than the young lady of Shrewsbury or Richard Edgeworth's sister.

Day turned then to Honora's sister, Elizabeth, with no greater success.

"You lack refinement," the two sisters told Day unkindly. "You are so obsessed with your prejudice against what you call the corruption of a luxurious society that you behave like a boor and a blackguard."

Poor Day seems to have been smitten with Elizabeth, for he spent a year in France and came back to Lyons in France and spent a year trying to acquire some of the social graces. He took lessons in dancing and fencing, and his friend Edgeworth has left us a picture of Day reading a book with his legs screwed up between two boards in the vain hope of straightening them out.

While in Lyons he gave so liberally to the poor that when he was leaving they held a meeting and requested him to make provision for their wants during his absence.

Back in London Day met with a rebuff from the caustic-tongued Elizabeth once again, who told him that she preferred "the blackguard" to "the fine gent."

Sabrina was now a charming young lady, but Day considered she still lacked sufficient strength of mind to make her his perfect wife.

It was Day's singular fate to have found wives for his two friends, Richard Edgeworth and James Bicknell. For later on Sabrina married James Bicknell, by then a fairly prosperous young lawyer, and Day carried out his part of the bargain by giving the married couple £500 a year; while Honora and Elizabeth Sned became the second and third wives of Richard Edgeworth.

Day had been admitted to the Middle Temple as a lawyer but never practised. Now he turned to writing and quickly won fame with a number of his works. Notable among them were a poem, "The Dying Negro," which denounced American slavery, and that classic for children, "Sandford and Merton."

No luxuries

MEANWHILE Day's search for the perfect wife went on. When he was 30 he found a possibility in Esther Milnes, of Wakefield, a cultured woman and a writer of some achievement. But even she was not without a flaw: hers was that she had a very large private fortune. Esther and Thomas were deeply fond of each other, but the marriage was deferred for months while they debated terms. Finally Esther agreed to adopt Day's ascetic and stoical form of life provided her health remained unimpaired, and her fortune was to be set absolutely beyond her husband's reach. (Day had been steadily giving his away to the poor for years.)



THOMAS DAY

They were married at Bath on August 7, 1788, and for a time they lived at Hampstead. Edgeworth has given us another picture, this time of Esther walking barefooted on the Heath in the snow. The following year Day bought a house at Abridge, in Essex; he allowed his wife no servants and she gave up her beloved harpsichord.

"We have no right to luxuries while the poor want for bread," said Day.

He took a keen interest in politics, but refused to stand for Parliament, even though he had been offered a safe seat. From Abridge they moved to Anningsworth, near Otterburn, in Surrey, where Day bought a farm. Here, again, they lived very simply, not even using a carriage.

Day continued writing and giving away his money to the needy. But on September 28, 1789, he was killed when setting out to visit his mother. His horse bolted and threw him on to his head.

His wife, Esther, died two years later — of a broken heart. Thomas Day may seem a bizarre character but Edgeworth, his faithful friend, could write of him as "the most virtuous human being I have ever known." This opinion was warmly echoed by all his friends as well as by his official biographer, James Kirke (copyright).

CONFESSION OF TERROR

By ERNEST MIDDLETON

TEHRAN. MULLAH Kashani, leader of Persia's secret society of assassins now under arrest, is the bearded terrorist who threatened to call a "holy war" against Britain. This was at the time of the oil troubles at Abadan.

Successive Governments have been afraid to arrest him.

But now he will soon find himself face to face with his judges. And the charges will

be murder and attempted murder. Kashani was arrested after one of his chiefs of staff gave his name away.

The bearded man, Navab Safavi, was blindfolded and tied to a post before a firing squad in Tehran.

Safavi was about to die for his part in engineering the assassination of Persia's strong man, General Razmara, five years ago.

Razmara had in a drawer of his desk a new agreement with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company which would have given Persia many more millions a year in

oil revenue. The agreement, in fact, was practically a 50-50 split.

But Kashani, a religious fanatic and an implacable hater of Britain, wanted the British kicked out of the country.

So Razmara was assassinated. The present Prime Minister, Hussein Ali, took over. Within days he resigned, and on to the stage stalked the hysterical Mossadegh.

With Mossadegh as his stooge, Kashani pushed his hatred into full flower.

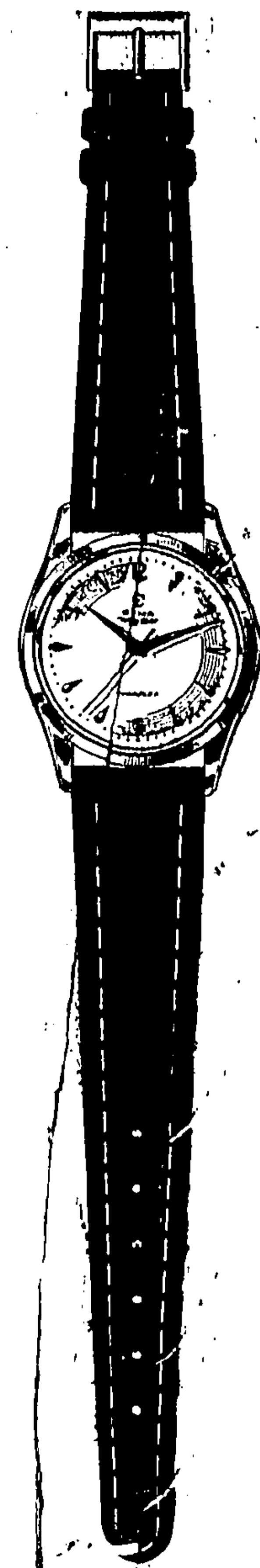
His band of killers in the Fedaiyan Islam threatened death

to every M.P. and senator who opposed Mossadegh's plan to grab Britain's oil interests.

Mossadegh went to jail, and when Hussein Ali, obeying the Shah's wishes, took up the reins of power again, Kashani struck. Ali's pro-British and so the Mullah sent Ali Zolghadri with a gun to assassinate the Premier last November.

The pistol misfired and the thug flung it uselessly in Ali's face.

Zolghadri has also been executed. So it may be Kashani's turn — and this time the threats of his band of hidden assassins will not be able to help him. (copyright)



NEW! A watch that is
watertight and elegant too...

No sportsman, and no one whose job or leisure activity brings them into contact with water or steam, should be without a watertight watch. Hitherto, watertightness has been achieved at the expense of elegance, for cases had to be thick and heavy to accommodate the necessary sealing.

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THE FUTURE OF MALAYA SULTANS PLAY BIG PART

By JAMES WICKENDEN

LONDON'S hospitality for the Malayan delegation to discuss independence could not be more royal. The seven Malay leaders and the two Chinese with their staffs live in the red brick wings of St James' Court—since Tudor times the symbol of diplomatic protocol.

They came from there the few yards across to Lancaster House, magnificent in gold emblazoned ceilings, marble walls and red plush, for the first day of the talks on January 18. Shafts of winter sun shone over the balcony into the square audience room, across the purple table cover, and marked from the crystal chandelier and the microphones. There were seven of them in front of Tengku Abdul Rahman's seat alone. At 10.15 precisely in came the Tengku, wearing a fez-shaped "songkok" Malay hat, his face grave. With him was Colonel Secretary Lennox-Boyd, fit and smiling after his recent holiday in Switzerland.

Chief Architect

The other Malaysians followed and then the British delegation. High Commissioner MacGillivray, a chief architect of this latest stage in Malaya's advancement, hollow-cheeked but fanned, wore a broad grin and walked past his seat. He was redirected by his assistant, Mr Watherston.

As the cameras whirled and clicked, Abdul Rahman polished his spectacles. President of the Perak State Council, Haji Abdul Wahab, folded his hands as if meditating.

After covering the Malayan delegation the cameras turned on the British. There were still several empty seats in the large Ministry of Defence section.

Mr Lennox-Boyd rose and spoke firmly and rapidly, putting his hand on one side, waving his hand and smiling a welcome to the Malaysians, calling them friends.

Abdul Rahman replied more deliberately and in lower tones. They were very comfortable, he said, and they came with goodwill for the British independence. But there was no intention of severing the connection with Britain. Malaya would remain in the Commonwealth.

"You were quick to respond (to Malaya's suggestion) for this talk. My only desire is that this event will be recorded in letters of gold and not of mud."

His voice rose and he looked up. He was confident that the

talks would succeed. The aim was that Malaya should at once take charge of all her affairs except external relations and defence.

The Tengku stressed the fight against Communism in which Malaya was in the front line. Malaya would continue to fight against Communist terrorism, and if the talks succeeded Malaya could become a "shop-window for democracy, shoulder to shoulder with the other independent countries of the Commonwealth in solving the many problems which face the world today."

Secret Session

Haji Abdul Wahab seconded the sentiments of the Chief Minister on behalf of the Sultans. Then the meeting went into secret session. Outside the tall windows came the tramp of feet and a rousing march as a Guards detachment with grey greatcoats, busbies and bayonets, swung through the portals of St James' to mount company guard.

The first task before the meeting was to arrange for working parties to discuss the detailed problems. The two chief ones are finance and defence, for it is recognised by both sides that the burdens of "keeping Malaya in the front-line against Communism" will have to be shared with Britain.

Throughout the talks there is bound to be a flavour of Malay tradition. For, despite the trend towards the rule of the people, the voice of Malay Sultans is to be strongly heard. If the optimistic tone of the talks continues there may emerge from them a type of constitution entirely new to the world.

Its form will be a prince at the head—as a form of "royal president"—with an elected legislature beneath him. In some respects this would be similar to the constitutional monarchy in Britain.

Great Event

The launching of Malaya—the richest country per head of population in Southeast Asia and the sterling area's chief dollar earner—to nationhood would be the greatest political event this year in the free world. When it comes it is bound to stiffen the shaky condition of Southeast Asia over which hangs the gloom of Communism.

But the effort to achieve it will be long. The talks in London are expected to last three or even six weeks. After that a commission is to visit Malaya to work out further details. The test will be to create smooth military and financial relations with Britain, which has to remain as the guarantor of Malaya's freedom.

(COPYRIGHT)



For a time the investigation centres round Old Time Dances.

ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY by CEDRIC CARNE

NO NEED TO BE SCARED ABOUT THAT OPERATION

YESTERDAY I needed a haircut, so I took an hour off, leaving my assistant to cope. It had been a hard week and I didn't want to think about medical matters, but I met Mrs Swann near the post office.

She said rapidly, "Good morning," and stabbed me

with information about her recent operation, before I could even raise my hat.

"First they gave me something to make me pleasantly unconscious. Then this marvellous injection of Pentothal, and before I could count three I knew no more about it until I woke up in bed. I wasn't even sure whether I'd had the operation or not."

"And with all the cure and exercises afterwards I was on my feet in no time, while my figure is as trim as ever."

During the war, when officers talked to me after working hours about their minor ailments in the mess, I used to say loudly in front of all the others (unless it was urgent): "Be a good chap and strip." It usually worked. They would decide to visit me at sick quarters in the morning. But I didn't mind hearing about Mrs Swann's experience. She was so cheerful about it.

Soon, though, I was with my barber Sam, who happily never discusses medical subjects. He has a philosophic turn of mind, so, naturally, when he said, "What do you think of people who go yellow?" I assumed he was about to embark on the problems of Courage and Cowardice.

CANARY

"YES," he said, "my sister has gone yellow as a canary. Jaundice. Is that serious?"

Disappointed in him, I sat down in his chair, while he dusted the white gown around my neck. There are many causes and types of jaundice. There is toxic jaundice, for example, sometimes due to virus infections or even to eating poisonous mushrooms. A second type is haemolytic jaundice, which is caused by excessive breakdown of the red blood cells, as in pernicious

anaemia. Or again, there is obstructive jaundice, where gall stones or other agencies stop the flow through the bile duct. Not to mention...

"Gall stones, that's it," interrupted the barber triumphantly. "That's what they said at the hospital."

It is said that candidates for gall stones are women who are fair, fat and 40.

"Stone a crowd," said Sam. "She's well over 40, dark as I am and thin as a rake." Which only proves, of course, that one can never generalise.

INTENSE PAIN

A PART from a history of dyspepsia and flatulence after meals, gall stones can often be associated with the intense pain of biliary colic, where the pain generally radiates around the lower part of the chest or through to the back. On the other hand thousands of people go around with stones in their gall bladder and never have flatulence, jaundice, colic or any other symptoms throughout their lives.

"My sister's going to have an operation for it," Sam told me. It is one of the most satisfactory operations in surgery and I reassured Sam that there was nothing to worry about.

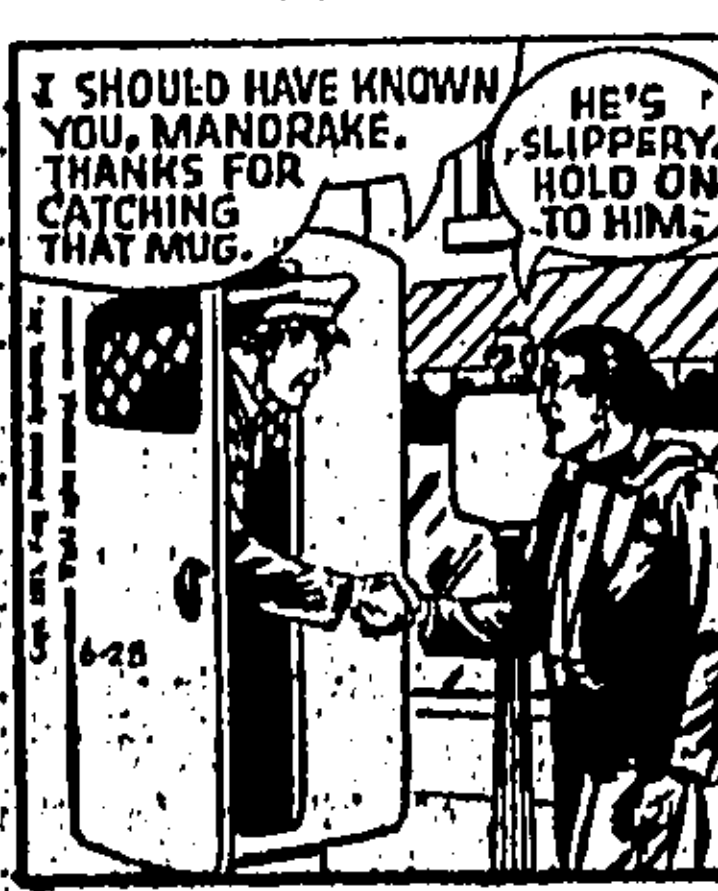
"The trouble is that she's terribly afraid of the knife."

"There's no need to be," I pointed out. "Ask Mrs Swann." "Ah, but it's how you're made," Sam said, clicking his scissors. And very soon, Sam was discussing the philosophical problem of Courage and How People Tick. I listened to him thankfully. Just then a neighbour came into the shop.

"Ah, the man I wanted to see," he remarked. "My son, Alan, came home from school on Wednesday and told me that his friend Eric has a cousin who is complaining of..."

I left. Quickly. (COPYRIGHT)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



A KILLER WALKS AMONG YOU!

THE HOUSEWIFE WHO LOVED DANCING

By VALENTINE DYALL

IT is over two years now since it happened. No one knows who did it, no motive has been found. It was probably a man, but it might well have been a woman.

Unless it was a mind more mad than could be concealed so long, then it must have been a deliberate act of hate or anger.

Who, unless they knew what they were about, would murder in such a way? To stab and club a woman 32 times by her own fireside, using her own kitchen knife, and leave her sitting in a chair with not a thing in the room disturbed. Leaving a scene so peaceful that until you realised the woman was dead you would not think she had even had a visitor.

Whoever "X" may be, he or she seems to have executed the perfect murder. For, not only has there been no arrest, there has been no clue or motive found.

So safe is that murderer still that he may well be reading these very words at

this minute and discussing them with a friend. He may later light a fire or line a shelf with this very page, and to all the world he is just using an impersonal page of a daily paper.

NO ONE SEEN

YET on January 18, 1954, in the middle of the afternoon, someone opened the garden gate of Norton Lodge, on the corner of Holland Road, Coventry, entered the house without trouble, and within a few minutes murdered Mrs Penelope Phyllis Mogano so brutally that one knife stroke almost severed her tongue. Then this person walked out of the house and vanished. No one saw or heard the murderer come or go.

Holland Road is a street of family houses with much coming and going of housewives on their daily errands. Children play in the front gardens, and it is the kind of street where front windows have an excellent view of one another. A man calling on a housewife would be more than noticed. Only a woman might pass unnoticed if she were of nondescript age and dress.

But the murderer was as inconspicuous as the Invisible Man or the unseen Postman in Chesterton's Father Brown story.

And must have arrived unexpectedly, because...

That afternoon the family had been hurried through their lunch as Mrs Mogano wanted to go to some friends shortly after 2 o'clock.

CLUE BURNT

AT 1.30 the elder son, Michael, went off, followed soon after by his father, Carlo Mogano, who had to be back at work in the Daimler works, ten minutes' walk away, by 2 o'clock. Last to leave was the younger son, Adrian, to school just before 2 o'clock.

Then Mrs Mogano brought some clean underwear, which she put on a chair in the sitting-room. She intended to have a good wash at the kitchen sink and dress in front of the fire before going out.

She locked the kitchen door which led to the garden, but she never had time for that wash. Between the time she locked the kitchen door and the time she would have started to undress she came face to face with her murderer. And, it seems, that in the time it takes to light a cigarette, but before there is time to smoke it, she was dead.

The only clue there might have been went up in smoke. It was a burned-out cigarette on the carpet. It must have been freshly lit and then dropped, probably into a slight draught, for it was burnt from end to end. A beautifully preserved, useless, column of ash. Who dropped it? Why?

Was it the murderer or the murdered woman?

One thing is certain. The murderer did not stay long to contemplate his work. No one could fail to notice the acrid smell of a cigarette burning on a carpet.

The next thing known is that Adrian came home from school but could not get into the house because he had forgotten his key. Otherwise he would have seen his mother's dead and mutilated body.

As it was, his father coming home at 5.45 found him waiting in the street. They went in together, the father grumbling that his wife was so late back. Opening the sitting-room door he saw the sight just in time to push his son back through the door, and then he ran to phone the police.

KNIFE MYSTERY

MANY times and for many hours they questioned Carlo, but try as he would he could think of no person who might wish so ill of his wife.

At the best he could only suggest that his wife was a brave woman, and if she had had a caller who made improper suggestions to her she would quite likely have threatened him with the knife.

But such a theory seemed unlikely, there being no sign of a struggle. On the other hand, how did the knife come to be used? The murderer had used a blunt instrument as well but the knife was a puzzle. No one outside the family and a few close friends would know it existed.

Mr Mogano told the police that he had only two lovers—his wife and Old Time Dancing, the latter was a love his wife shared with him. His wife, he said, was well spoken and could speak well, she knew how to dress and looked most attractive—she was popular with both men and women.

The police made thousands of inquiries using dozens of detectives with specially prepared questionnaire forms. All they found was that his wife had been popular and that she had no past to conceal or secret to hide.

For a time the investigation centred round the Old Time Dances. It was thought just possible that the Moganos' successes on the dance floor might have provoked a jealousy strong enough to lead to murder.

The Old Time Dances were run by a Mr and Mrs Sidney Worrall as a part-time business and were on their way to becoming a very big success. When news of the murder came out the attendance dropped by a half. Old Time Dancing had taken on a sinister atmosphere.

FALSE TRAILS

THE dances were held in a room above the Savoy Cinema, no more than five minutes' walk from Norton Lodge. The Worralls had become great friends of Mrs Mogano, and a series of unexplained incidents did seem to link the murder with the Worralls' dances.

A few days before the murder there was attempted arson at the Worrall home—although when looked into it boiled down to much ado about two small scratch marks in the pantry!

Earlier that winter some inflammable material had been found burning on the Worralls' car outside the Mogano house. But then it was around Guy

Fawkes Night and could have been caused by children.

A great many hares were started but none led far. Some blood was found in a nearby telephone booth. It was proved to belong to a detective. A bogus meter man with a rusty line in improper suggestions was reported in the district. He was found and questioned, but clearly had nothing to do with the murder. There was a story of a man seen running down Holland Road with a blood-soaked towel wrapped round one hand. But this rather too obvious sight was apparently seen only in hearsay.

NO MOTIVE

THE Scotland Yard men went back to London baffled. Some weeks later they returned interviewed nine people, and then there was silence.

On January 18 last year, one year after the murder, a detective called on Carlo Mogano, but it was only a courtesy call. The police, he said, knew no more about the case than they did the day it opened.

The story of the murder of Penelope Phyllis Mogano has no startling point because she had no past. It looks like having no ending. Her murder has no rhyme or reason to it, no clue has been found, no motive discovered.

Perhaps Old Time Dancing, restrained and unexciting on the surface, did, in some odd way, release in someone an unknown pent-up capacity for vicious jealousy giving way to a moment of madness in which murder was done. Whatever the cause the effect was the incomprehensible action of madness.

Was she murdered because she and her husband of Italian extraction, found a way of life and showed a capacity for life and a gay standard of living which was an outlet others did not have from the routine and flat existence of a prosperous provincial city suburb?

Were they that much different from their neighbours that some wife imagined she saw in Mrs Mogano a power to attract and seduce which never existed?

DEEP PASSION

WAS some other dancer so jealous of their success that it stimulated a latent bestial madness? Was this the final expression of some unrequited love passion for another man's wife or an oblique but gruesomely successful way of paying-off an enormous grudge against the husband?

It can only have been motivated by some primitive passion, the ugly, uncontrollable force which exists, like a quiescent volcano, deep down in all of us, whether we be in dozy hamlet, busy town, or sophisticated city.

If so, then reasoning and logic can have no part in the story and the police and all their experts can have no startling point. Little wonder they have found no solution.

But the crime was so awful, the act so brutal, and the sight of it so hideous, that it must be difficult for the murderer to live with the memory of it. A conscience may yet betray the author of this meaningless story of murder.

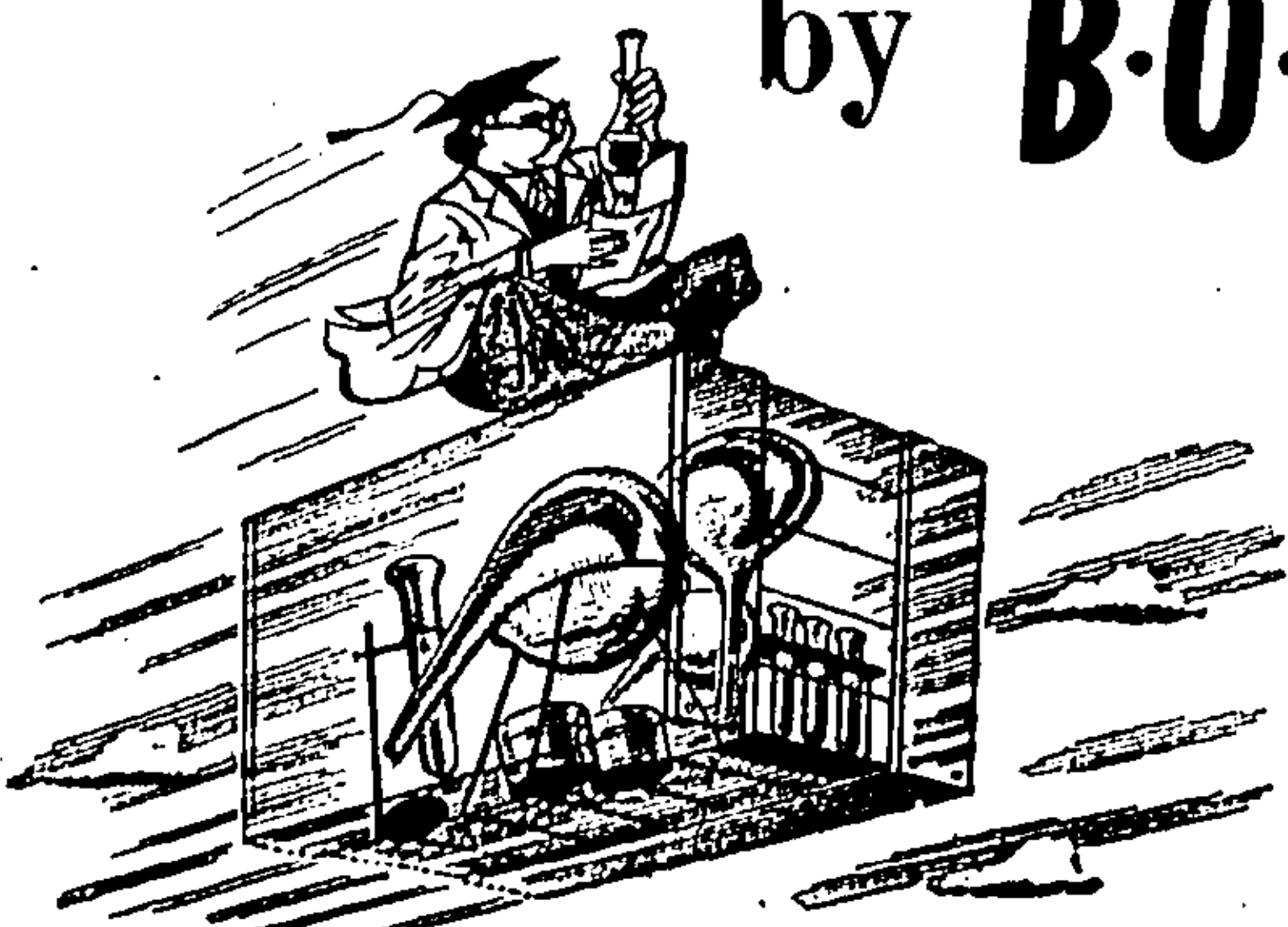
Does each full moon bring a tremor of self-fear to some guilt-haunted soul? Will a guilty mind be driven to betray itself in a repetition or confession for relief?

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It takes two years to get over losing the person you love best—if you ever do completely...I've got through the first year. It's been pretty desperate

A Confession by RAYMOND CHANDLER

SPECIALLY INTERVIEWED

BY
MERRICK WINN

JUST about a year ago Raymond Chandler, one of the finest thriller writers of them all, put a revolver to his temple and pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened, and so began what was to be the bitterest year he has known.

Now he can talk about it, because the pain has eased, and the year has ended. He talked to me at London's Ritz Hotel, in a room which, with brass bedstead, meals, and extras, costs 160 a week.

It is an expensive way of getting along without a real home. But Chandler has been a little afraid of homey things because "When you live a home you've loved for 30 years it takes courage to start another."

GENTLE

HE sat, legs apart, in shirt sleeves, homely in spite of himself. This is the man who created Philip Marlowe, toughest detective in modern fiction. And this is one of the gentlest men I have ever met.

He lost his home when he lost his wife, Cecily, just about a year ago. Cecily was his home. They were married 30 years, and for the last two Chandler nursed her through the illness that ended her life.

I loved her very much. It was a reflective statement, no longer emotional, it was a statement which looked back to that desperate drama when he tried to die.

He told me about that too, this man who wrote in his last published book, "The Long Goodbye," "Someday I shall prepare myself in all sorts of ways, some with liquor, some with elaborate champagne dinners. Some in evening clothes, some in no clothes. People have killed themselves on the tops of walls, in ditches, in bathrooms, in the water, over the water, on the water."

For Chandler it was a bath-tub. In an old dressing-gown. In the Californian home that was no longer a home without Cecily.

He pulled the trigger twice. It was still, damp ammunition. And nothing happened. Chandler kept his life and lost his dignity. He had muffed the simple job of killing himself.

"The successful suicide is tragical," he told me. "The suicide failure is farce. For one

thing people think you didn't mean it."

Did Chandler mean it? Yes, he did. Does he regret it? "May be one day I try again."

I don't regret it. I don't think I was wicked. I believe every man has the right to end his life when it gets too much for him.

"But I wouldn't try again. I can imagine only one circumstance in which I'd even want to if I were flat broke. I'm afraid of poverty."

He said that lightly because he knows his fear is groundless. His first Philip Marlowe book, "The Big Sleep," alone has made him nearly £30,000 since it was published 17 years ago. He spends £100 a week and "I can go on, if I'm stupid enough, for the rest of my life so long as I don't live to be 100."

'DON'T KNOW'

HE offered me an expensive brand of cigarette, refused to smoke himself ("I stick to 10 a day"), and told me about the weeks, the months, the year that came after his appointment with fatality.

"I consider it takes two years to get over losing the person you love best if you ever do completely. I've got through one and it's been pretty desperate."

"For the first week or two you're too numb to feel anything. Then pain starts. Then gradually it doesn't hurt so much, and that's worst of all. It's hard to lose the woman you love. But it's harder still to face the fact that you can live without her, even forget her at times."

"I've reached that stage. Our life together seems like something enclosed in a crystal—sacred, precious but somehow remote and unreal." Raymond Chandler has no religious faith to help him. Like many brave and gifted people he finds it impossible to accept beliefs for which there seems no evidence.

"I'm an agnostic—one of the don't-knowers. But I don't be-

lieve in a personal after-life. I don't believe I'll ever see my wife again."

Yet his life is still dominated by Cecily, more than even he knows. It shows in the little things. "I used to smoke a pipe but suddenly stopped enjoying it. When I suppose about a year ago."

And: "I can't seem to write much now. I don't know why, something seems to be missing."

He meant, of course, someone. He has written hardly anything in this last year. His typewriter stands open beside a pile of half-sheets of yellow paper. But the new Marlowe book he began nearly two years ago is still half-finished.

COURAGE

WHAT kind of man is Raymond Chandler? Well, what kind of man is Philip Marlowe? For these two are head and tail of the same coin.

Take the tough, wise-cracking Marlowe, and in reverse you have Chandler, tender, sensitive, hating all violence and cruelty.

Take Marlowe, the never-doubting man of instant action, and you have, again, the tortured, self-doubting writer who could have been a poet, who tears up an entire chapter to begin again, who writes 10 times more than is ever published.

That is why Chandler has written only six books since "The Big Sleep," and every one has been an agony. And still is in memory. For there is no consolation for Chandler even

in the knowledge that each book has been as near as any writer could get to the perfection he strives for.

"I suppose Marlowe really is a sort of secret me," he said. "I wouldn't see it as clearly as other people, but I can see quite a lot of me in him. We're both lonely, sentimental, cynical—and we're both incorruptible. I am, as it happens, an extremely honest man."

I can vouch for that. Chandler is one of those rare people who have the courage to be honest with, and about, themselves.

For instance: "I like to show off a bit, when my friends let me. I'd still get a kick out of being seen with a pretty girl in a smart restaurant."

"But," with a grin, "I'm growing out of it. I used, like most people, to dramatise myself in all sorts of heroic situations. As a great athlete or war hero. Not now, I've come to terms with the real me."

'SO LAZY...'

HOW does Chandler see the "real me?"

Like this: "I'm a moody type, given to depressions. Probably due to my puritan conscience. I've got a quick temper, but don't talk. And I'm surprised to find that, like most people, I've got more guts than I thought I had."

"I'd say my biggest fault was laziness, which a psychiatrist would probably say was really lack of confidence. Maybe. I'm very generous and a psychiatrist would say that was

because I was afraid of not being liked. I admit it."

"I'm afraid of loneliness, crowds, insomnia (I get it badly) and, telling my age." (He's sixty-six.) "I don't know what a psychiatrist would say about all that. Anyhow, to hell with psychiatrists."

THE ANSWER

WHITHER Chandler now? He offered me another cigarette and this time joined me ("my seventh today"). He sat silent, perhaps thinking back to his year in the wilderness. And the year to come.

"I've no ambition, except perhaps to write one really good book. I don't consider I've done that yet. I must get working again, properly. I'm beginning. I'm writing a bit in the mornings."

"I'll live mostly in Britain. I'm American but I'm happier in Britain. The friends I like best are British. I prefer British food, British clothes, even the way British publishers do my books. I've found a flat—it's time I had a home again. Alone. I can't think I'll ever remarry."

It was then that I asked him: Are you glad now that you failed to die?

It would have been easy for him, not wishing to shock, to answer: Yes, he did not. He stubbed his cigarette, thinking, seeking the honest answer. And it was a little while before he said: "I think so, yes. This will be a better year than last year."

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CHANDLER TODAY: by photographer GEORGE STROUD

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

They Fought Napoleon But Are Still Living

THERE are people in the world today who are more than 150 years old. Many of them are in Russia, where there are men and women who were youngsters when Napoleon marched on Moscow in 1812. But 150 years is not a record age. Some people in isolated parts of Asia are believed to have lived to be more than 200!

One of the greatest ages actually recorded is 181. The figure appears on the tombstone of a certain Ann David, in Wales. But it cannot be proved. Nor can the ages of two other "ancient Britons"—Thomas Parr, said to have lived to be 152, and Henry Jenkins, 109.

In recent years, however, some remarkably great ages have been proved. In Mexico, not long ago, a rancher called Marcel Pina died at the age of 149. He had 200 descendants, and his eldest son—of the same name—is now 107.

Even greater ages have been recorded in the past 10 years. A Turk, Halil Aga by name, lived to be 157, and a woman in Peru has celebrated her 150th birthday.

STILL WORKING AT 151!

WHERE do people live the longest? Russia has the most centenarians. There are said to be more than 320 in Southern Siberia alone, and one who is still working at the age of 115.

But according to statistical research, women in Norway have the best hope of long life. There, it is commonplace for women to reach the age of 73.

Indeed, in most countries, it is women rather than men who reach great ages. That may be because women often live quieter lives or worry less than men.

In Britain, the greatest age since 1900 was reached by a woman who died at 116.

The longest lived woman in Britain is believed to be the Irish Peersa, Catherine, second wife of the 12th Earl of Desmond; she lived to be 140. But her age has been questioned, and Thomas Moore wrote in his "Fudge Letters":

"That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten And was killed by a fall from a cherry tree then; What a frisky old girl!"

CHANCES OF LONG LIFE

IT is pleasing to note that the chances of reaching old age, say about 70, are greater than ever before. Fifty years ago, 40 was the average age a man could reasonably expect to reach. Now, it is nearly 70.

How do you live to a great old age? Different old people attribute their longevity to different reasons. Some say "take things easy," some say "work hard." Some say "eat a lot," some say "eat very little." Many of old people have their set recipes for long life—"Ten cups of tea a day," "sour milk," "salt water," and so on.

In 1954, Sir Alan Rook, senior health officer, Cambridge University, conducted a special investigation into long life. His survey showed that intellectuals live longer than sportsmen—but by so little that it is unimportant.

Among the sportsmen, he found that rugby players lived the longest, followed closely by cricketers. Then came athletes, and lastly, rowing men.

According to another report, made by a Prague professor, married men live longer than bachelors—by at least 10 years.

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AN EVE PERRICK INTERVIEW

AUTHOR Louis Golding ("Magnolia Street" and all that) marries Mrs Annie Winetrobe on March 12: she for the second time; he for the first.

Note the "first," for Mr Golding is 60.

And the question at least 64,000 women (and perhaps a few men too) would like to know is this: Just what does the, shall we say, maturer man look for in marriage?

But the clincher, the decisive reason for his taking the decisive step into matrimony, was a coal fire.

"Look at it this way," said the unblinking geom. "When I bought my house—that was in 1932 on the proceeds of 'Magnolia Street,' which was the watershed of my life—I wanted the elegant and comfortable home background I thought a writer ought to have."

"It was one of those tall, slender Regency houses, but I had it fitted with all mod. con. and central heating. I left just one small open fire in the sitting-room. But I found that domestic staff and coal fires just don't go together. After a

The 'Magnolia St' Man Finds Someone To Keep His Home Fire Really Burning

I raised the matter with the bridegroom-elect and discovered that what he was looking for—and had apparently found—in a wife was someone really to keep the home fires burning.

There were, to be sure, other "lures" involved. Mr Golding's dream, for instance, of transferring a little bit of Magnolia Street—his Annie comes from Manchester complete with warm, Northern accent—to No. 16, Hamilton Terrace, St John's Wood.

few years of ultimatum of the give-or-go-or-the-fire-does sort, I either. I had the fireplace and chimney bricked up.

"But Annie is a wonder with fires. I think you can say that the most manifest sign of the workmen are in, unbricking the fireplace."

"So," I queried, "it would be safe to state that at the age of 60 the fire of passion is more than ever likely to be lit by a match?"

Mr Golding, who is, after all, a writer winced a little.

"No—let's say, instead, that at 60 marriage no longer looks like a trap but a release. For me, a particularly happy one. I have this wonderful feeling of knowing that never again am I going to have two-thirds of my energies engaged in staff problems. No more hired cooks—formidable women in pearl chokers and black bombazine—to intimidate me."

"Annie cooks all the dishes I love—what's more, she actually

likes looking after me." "And when," said I, "did you realise that good times were just around the corner from the register office—seeing as how you have known your fiancée all her life?"

Mr Golding thought back a bit. "Well," he began, "I was very ill all last year, and..." "Ah ha!" I broke in, seeing the light. "The old story. When a man is at his weakest, he always feels he needs a wife."

"Not so," cried Mr Golding, gallantly—but unconconvincingly.

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Fireside scene, rehearsal stage.

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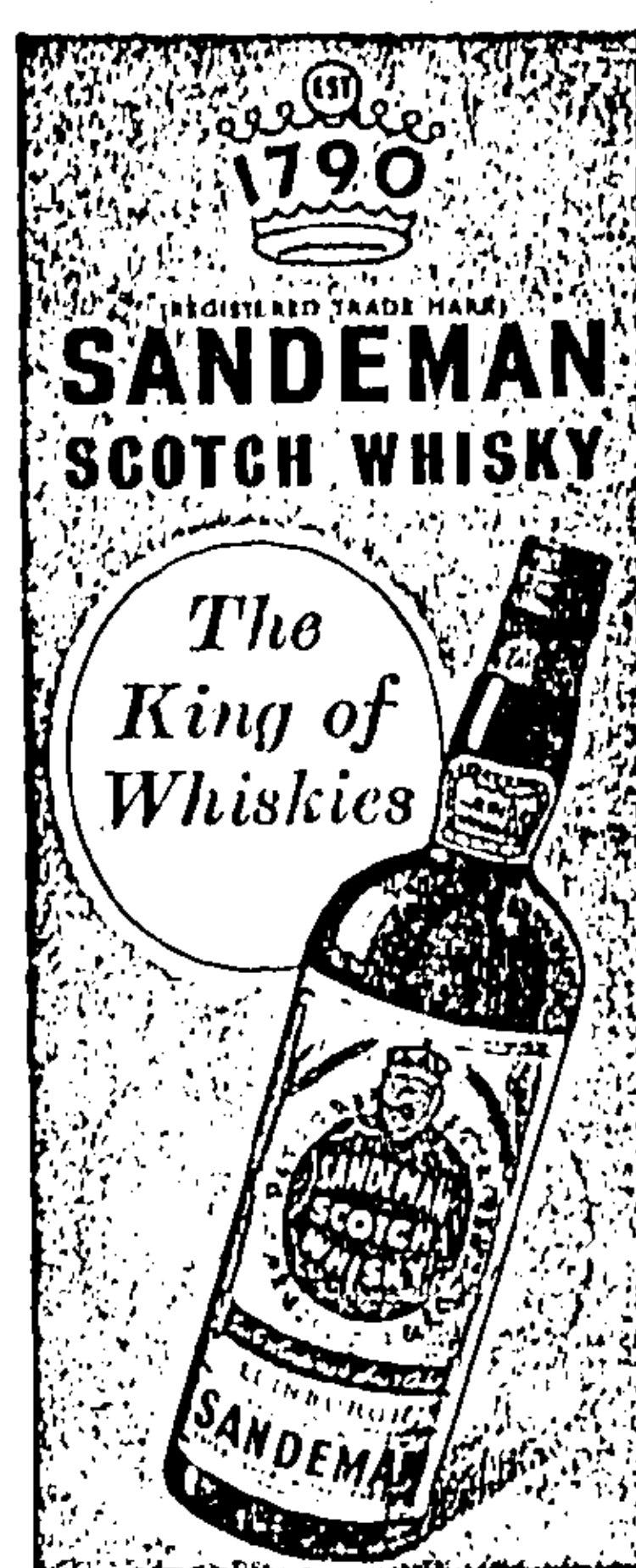
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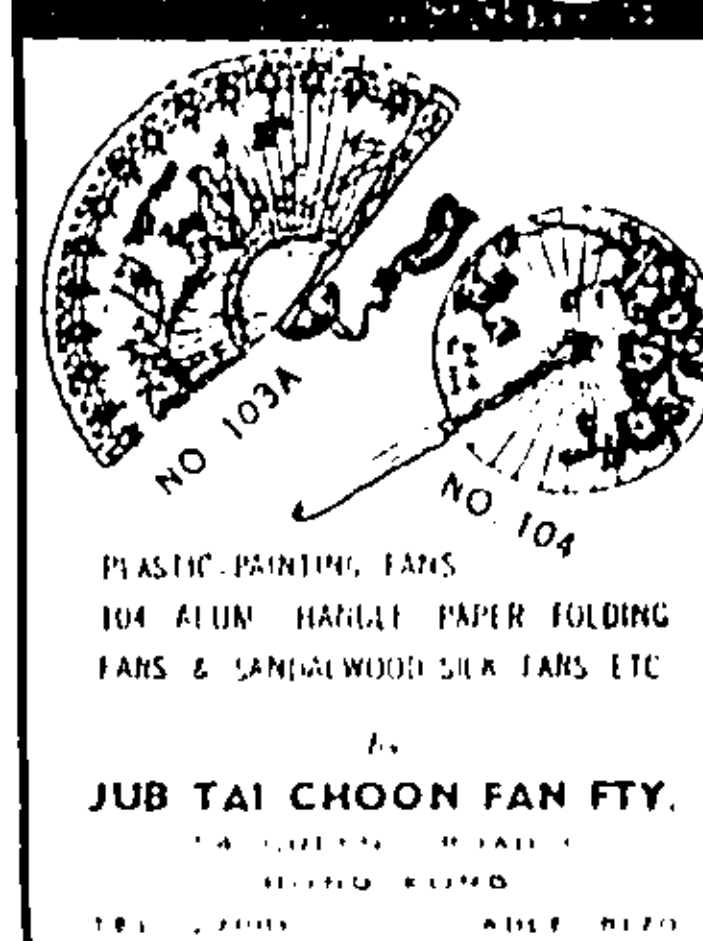
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THE WORLD'S FIRST JET-PILOT KING

A HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT INTERVIEW WITH HUSSEIN OF JORDAN
By SEFTON DELMER

DOWN they swoosh! Down over the terraced hills with their granite villas, down over the teeming streets and minarets that make up this swirling, whirling, volatile Arab capital of Amman.

Four Vampire jet fighters diving abreast almost wing tip to wing tip. They look appallingly dangerous.

But it is ten to one all the same that the young king, at most mornings these last three weeks, the pilot of the Vampire on the outside right is a 20-year-old youth with the most valuable, most important life in the young Kingdom of Jordan.

It is, of course, the young King Hussein of Jordan.

DETERMINED

Well, I put that question to the young king himself when I met him in his palace. He gazed at me from his level, rather slanted eyes. At first it was a little difficult, he admitted. "They did not want me to fly, and particularly not to fly, and particularly not to fly, and particularly not to fly."

I am inclined to think that little phrase with the intriguing

Amman royal plural—it is the first time I have ever heard it in real life.

This determined "We" overcame their opposition. "We" will be heard with increasing frequency on increasingly important occasions in these next few years. In fact it is my bet it is going to become as famous as that other celebrated "We" in "We are not amused."

For this young man is going to have to do quite a bit of "overcoming opposition" in the next few months and years. If Jordan is not to become a victim of subversive agents the Kremlin's new friend, Premier Nasser of Egypt, is spreading over Jordan—as he is spreading it over the rest of North Africa and the Middle East.

DEMAND

As I see things developing here, the weakness and corruption of the parliamentary machine and its Cabinets are such that there is going to be an increasing demand from the army for a strong man to take charge.

An American friend of mine who has had a long experience of the country insists that the restoration of order in Jordan is due exclusively to two factors. "In the first place," he said, "to the iron firmness and discipline of the Arab Legion. Secondly to the resolution of the young king. He seemed to



THE YOUNG KING

grow in stature and authority from day to day."

My American friend insists it is primarily due to the young king's example that the Cabinet has taken its first courageous step to deal with Egyptian agents by demanding the recall of the Egyptian military attaché from Amman.

"He was top agent and saboteur of them all," said my friend.

The king himself told me he is taking a hand in the restoration of Arab unity threatened by these intrigues.

"We are trying to arrange a meeting of heads of Arab States," he said, "and I am sure that better use is made of the United Nations funds now being spent on 500,000 refugees from Israel. Their joblessness and despair make them the ideal prey for any agitator."

said, gesturing with his hands as though in diplomatic appeasement. "Until we do we will not accuse any outside Power of interference."

As far as friendship and alliance between Britain and Jordan were concerned, he assured me that anti-British and anti-American demonstrations were a passing phase.

I do not know whether he meant it to have any significance for a possible change of heart by Jordan over joining the Baghdad Pact, but he added: "I am sure that far from weakening, our friendship and alliance will grow stronger and closer still."

It takes real courage to protest such friendship for a country today, particularly for the young king who is under attack from Moslem fanatics, pro-Egyptians, and Communists alike for his Western leaning and his habit of taking a two-month holiday in Europe every year.

There is any way in which we and the Western world could help the young king and his Government in their stand against the tide of Egyptian and Kremlin subversion?

REFUGEES

There is. We should see to it that better use is made of the United Nations funds now being spent on 500,000 refugees from Israel. Their joblessness and despair make them the ideal prey for any agitator."

Instead of spending money on (1) a host of stupid United Nations administrators and experts; on (2) strictly refugee purposes like camps, equipment, and food, we should see that the money is spent more productively on projects that will give employment to these unsettled men and their families. Let us give our ally Jordan raw and without strings the money and the regiment of 500 men which General Sir Gerald Templer said would become theirs if they joined the Baghdad Pact.

ANSWER

The guns would give the young king's artillery an answer not only to potential Soviet aggressors but to Israel's artillery, which with its 50 brand new French 155mm. howitzers, outgunned the guns of all Israel's Arab neighbours. That would help to take care of a lot of the trouble.

Though, of course, it will not settle the main problem, which is refugees looking for home-lands in Israel from which they have been driven so ruthlessly. Or the disequilibrium which has been brought into once-peaceful and Bedouin Jordan by the addition of sick, well-educated ex-Palestinians from what used to be a British mandate.

There is nothing that can solve that but a firm, just rule. Maybe we shall live to see this jet-flying young king provide it. (COPYRIGHT)



JACKIE COLLINS says

NO FUN BEING KID SISTER TO A SUCCESS

By ANNA LANDAU

LONDON. JACKIE COLLINS, off to Hollywood today, curled one bright pink slipper round the other, tossed back her pony tail hair-do, and waved vaguely in the direction of the large shiny photographs on the piano and the smaller shiny photographs on the bookshelf. "I'm thinking of changing my name to Douglas," she said. The photographs, caused of the change of name, stared back. "Of course," said Jackie, with a smile on her bright pink lips, "Joan is a wonderful sister." The pictures of Joan Collins, one of Britain's latest visible exports to Hollywood, smiled fixedly in reply.

Joan Collins's success has left her kid sister with a problem. The problem of being a kid sister. The real trouble is that it is not too bad a role to play, as Jackie has already found out.

As she swung over to the gramophone, this girl, dressed in a smart, black, and white, looked not unlike her sister when she was 18.

That was five years ago, and Joan Collins had just signed a long-term contract with J. Arthur Rank. Now Jackie is 18. She has signed no contract with Mr Rank, but she is going to Hollywood—to stay with sister Joan.

She will share her sister's flat, her sister's car, her sister's social life, which is a full one. "One gets so used to meeting celebrities with Joan. It's Marion this and Marion that," said Jackie.

She was almost apologetic about it knowing that wherever she goes with Joan, she is introduced, inevitably, as Joan Collins's sister.

"And," said Jackie, putting on another record, "I am from America by Joan, 'sometimes I get so sick of seeing that tag after my name, I could scream.' Just as her sister screamed at being called a second Joan Simmons when she started in films."

"That is the kind of flattery that could set my career back years," Joan used to complain. "I'm not a second anybody—just Joan Collins."

And sometimes she still likes being Joan Collins's sister. Recently she went to Dublin to a film premiere. As Joan's stand-in.

Ask her why she emphasises the relationship by acting as a stand-in instead of making a clean break and starting now as Jackie Douglas, and she replies with disarming honesty:

"I thought I may as well be nice. Mr Spyros Skouras has shown some interest in me and the film was a Skouras production."

"My sister's company you know." (COPYRIGHT)

WORLD'S WORST THEATRE IS A MAJOR SUCCESS

By NOMAN LINDHURST

Frankfurt is today playing to packed audiences because, its proprietor insists, it advertises itself as "Die Schmiere—das schlechteste Theater der Welt" (The Schmiere—The World's Worst Theatre).

It is certainly doubtful if there is another theatre in the world quite like "Die Schmiere." "Sleeping Beauty in a Little Red Shoe," "Ducks Must Bothe," and "It Hangs on the Wall" are a few of the provocative plays being presented this season by the "worst theatre in the world."

"Die Schmiere—Das schlechteste Theater der Welt." That's the way the sign over the cellar in Frankfurt's old town reads. Deep downstairs in the murky darkness is a delightful parody theatre.

Schmiere is an old German stage term referring to a tiny cheap theatre. But thanks to the imagination of Die Schmiere's owner, producer, writer-director-star, this theatre does "standing room only" business each night. So much so, in fact, that it's taken that young man, Rudolf Rolfs, right out of the lower income bracket to the position where he can have his grey goatee trimmed by the fanciest barber in town.

SMALL ROOM

Down in the cellar is a small room, crowded with 120 old chairs. You may be seated in a high-backed old-fashioned chair or a little low stool. The most expensive tickets, three marks, include those on top of an upright piano. These seats command a fine view over the house, and the piano doesn't play any more.

The last of the crowd clambers up a ladder to the balcony, where, for 1.20 marks they sit with their heads nearly scraping on the low stone ceiling and are firmly admonished against spitting on the audience, seated a scant four feet below. The show opens on a tiny

FOUR ACTORS

The actors are four enthusiastic young lovers of the stage, headed by 35-year-old Rudolf Rolfs. He not only writes, directs, produces, acts—he also comes in early to sell tickets.

But his job is no less arduous than that of Hedi Reich, the only girl in the show. She's survived for four years, and in addition to singing and chatting her way through the show, she must come in early, too, to sweep out the theatre and dust the seats.

The four actors, plus a part-time helper who sells tickets at stage hours and runs the lights during the show, are the entire cast and production staff.

The four actors have only seconds to switch costumes, so usually a new hat, the addition of a many-coloured topcoat, or just the removal of shoes denotes the new character and mood.

The evening's entertainment consists of two hour-long acts. Each one is a series of short skills, poking fun at the government or discussing the plight of an old-maid school teacher, or lamenting the difficult life of the city's street-walkers. (COPYRIGHT)



ABOVE: The decorative profile of an Italian princess.

BUT WHY NO ENGLISH BEAUTY?

... among the world's loveliest women

BELOW: The shy, faun-like beauty of Africa.



BELOW: The shy, faun-like beauty of Africa.

Eileen Ascroft finds one page missing

WHAT an infinite variety there is of feminine beauty. The cool, blonde charm of the Scandinavians; the sultry, exotic appeal of the Latin; the cute attractions of the girls from the USA; and the thrilling vitality and shilling, coppery skins of the youthful Africans.

A book of the best photographs of the past year—"Photo of 1955," which is published by Blife & Sons Ltd. at 17s. 6d.—has arrived on my desk. The book shows lovely women of many nationalities. Italian beauty Princess Ida Hohenlohe-Langenburg is photographed by Cecil Beaton. Against a background of ferns and butterflies, with spring flowers strewn in her long, black hair, she portrays the good looks of the Italians, languorous, warm-blooded, and exciting.

What a striking contrast is the beautiful head of the African girl pictured by Karel Jan Horn, of Johannesburg. Shy, with large, gentle eyes of a faun and intriguing generous features, the unusual beauty of the face comes from its bone structure.

Turning the pages from the youthful, blue-eyed Eastern girl, with her cropped, jet hair, we find the small, pert features and large challenging eyes of the French mademoiselle, the melting, inscrutable eyes of the Indian mother, and the rounded rather heavy features of the blonde from Holland.

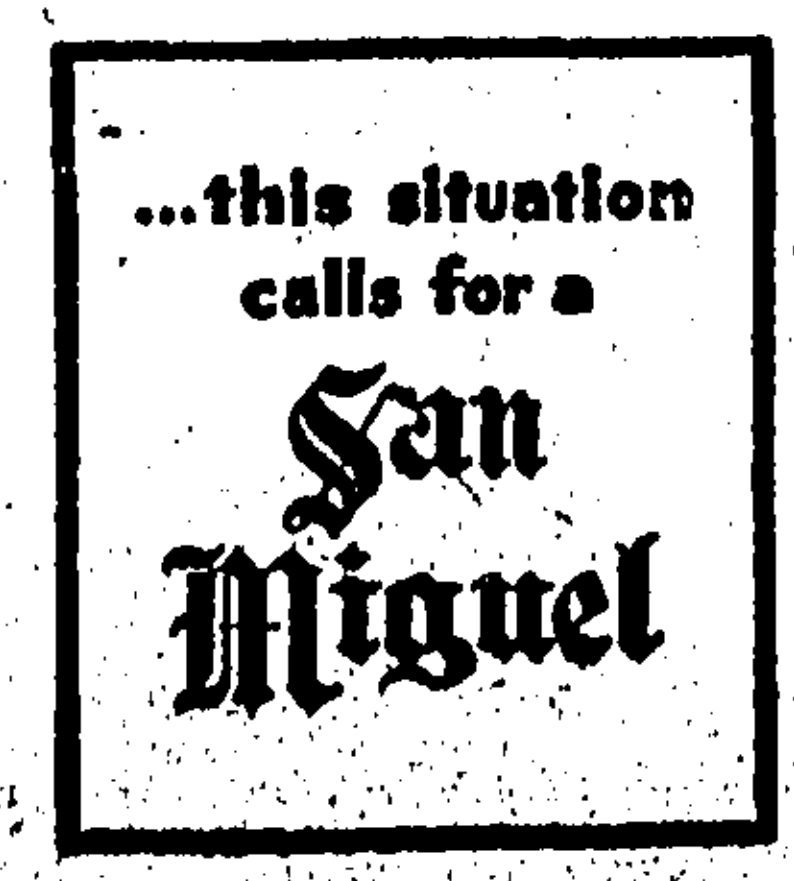
But it was strange to find that missing from this collection of lovely women was the typical national beauty of Britain—blonde, blue-eyed, with the loveliest complexion in the world.

Who typifies this very special type of English charm? To me the three lovely Clifford sisters, now Lady Norwich, Mrs Timothy Jones, and Mrs Richard Fairley.

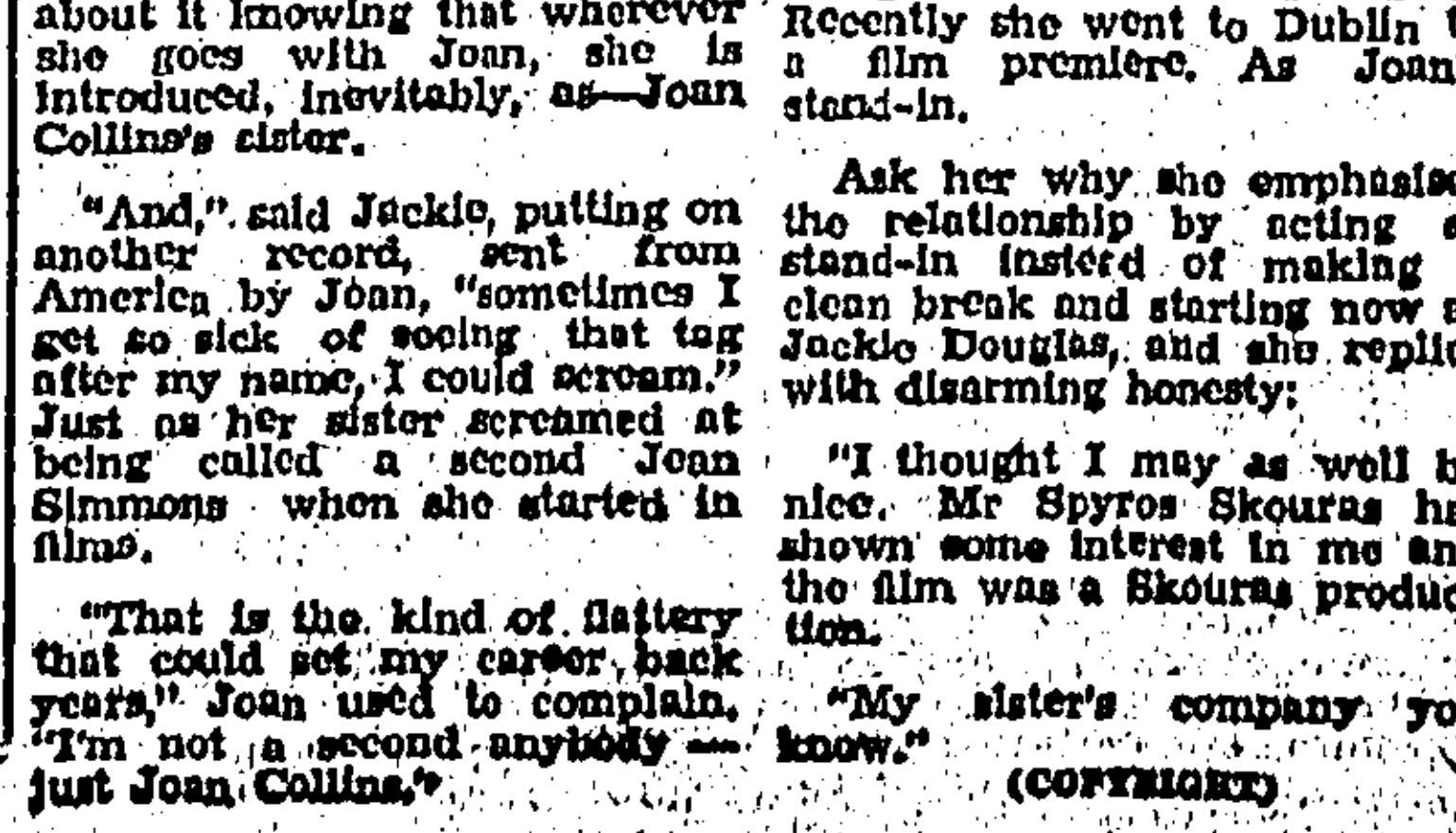
JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

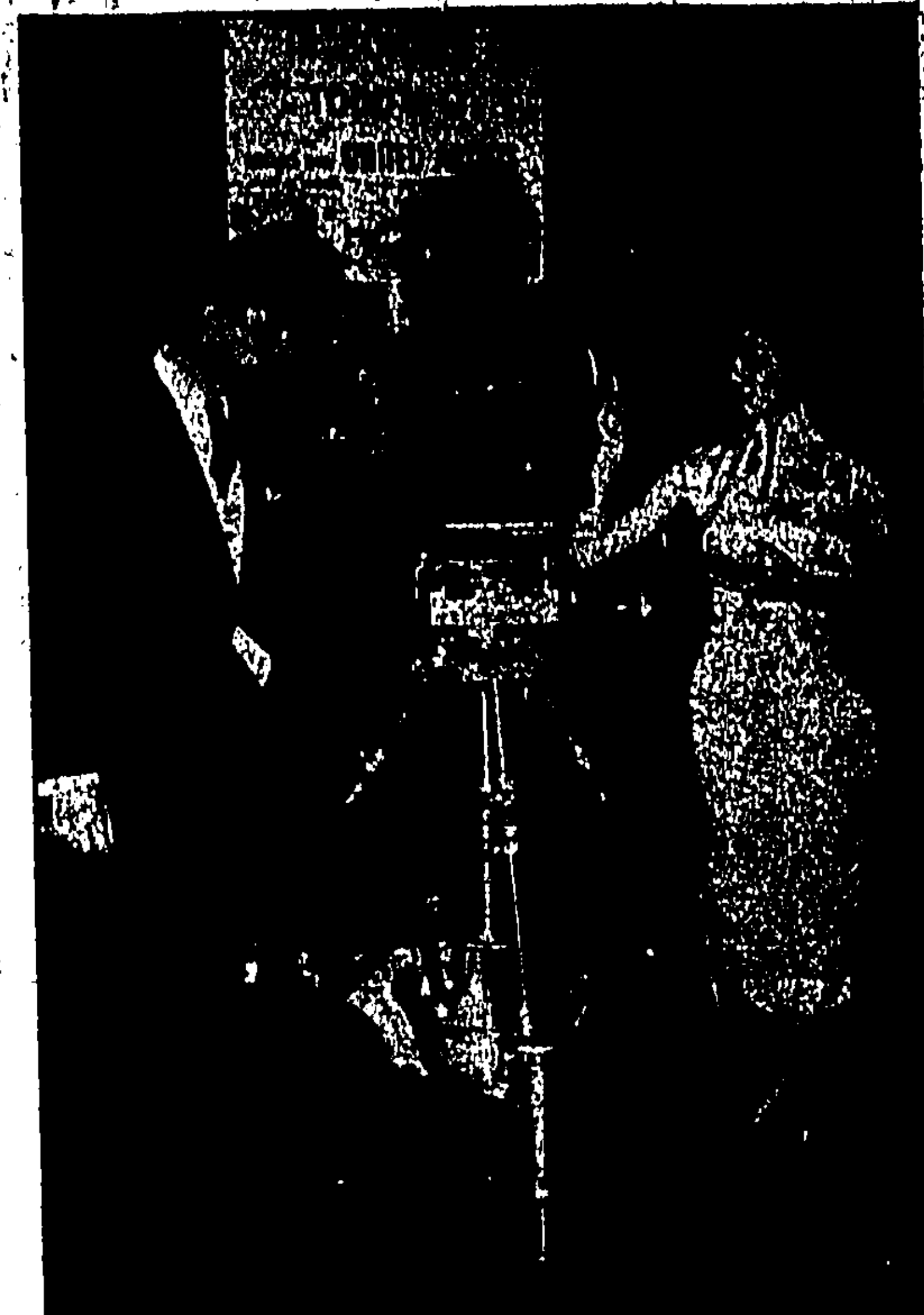




THE visiting Wiener Sportklub football team from Austria being introduced to Lt-Gen. W. H. Stratton, Commander, British Forces, before their first game in Hongkong. They gave a sparkling display which delighted all soccer fans. Right: At the dinner in their honour, Barschandt, the captain, receives a souvenir from Mr J. McKelvie, Vice-President of the Hongkong Football Association. (Staff Photographer)



MR David Yu and his charming bride, the former Miss Regina Bridget Liang, at the reception following their wedding on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



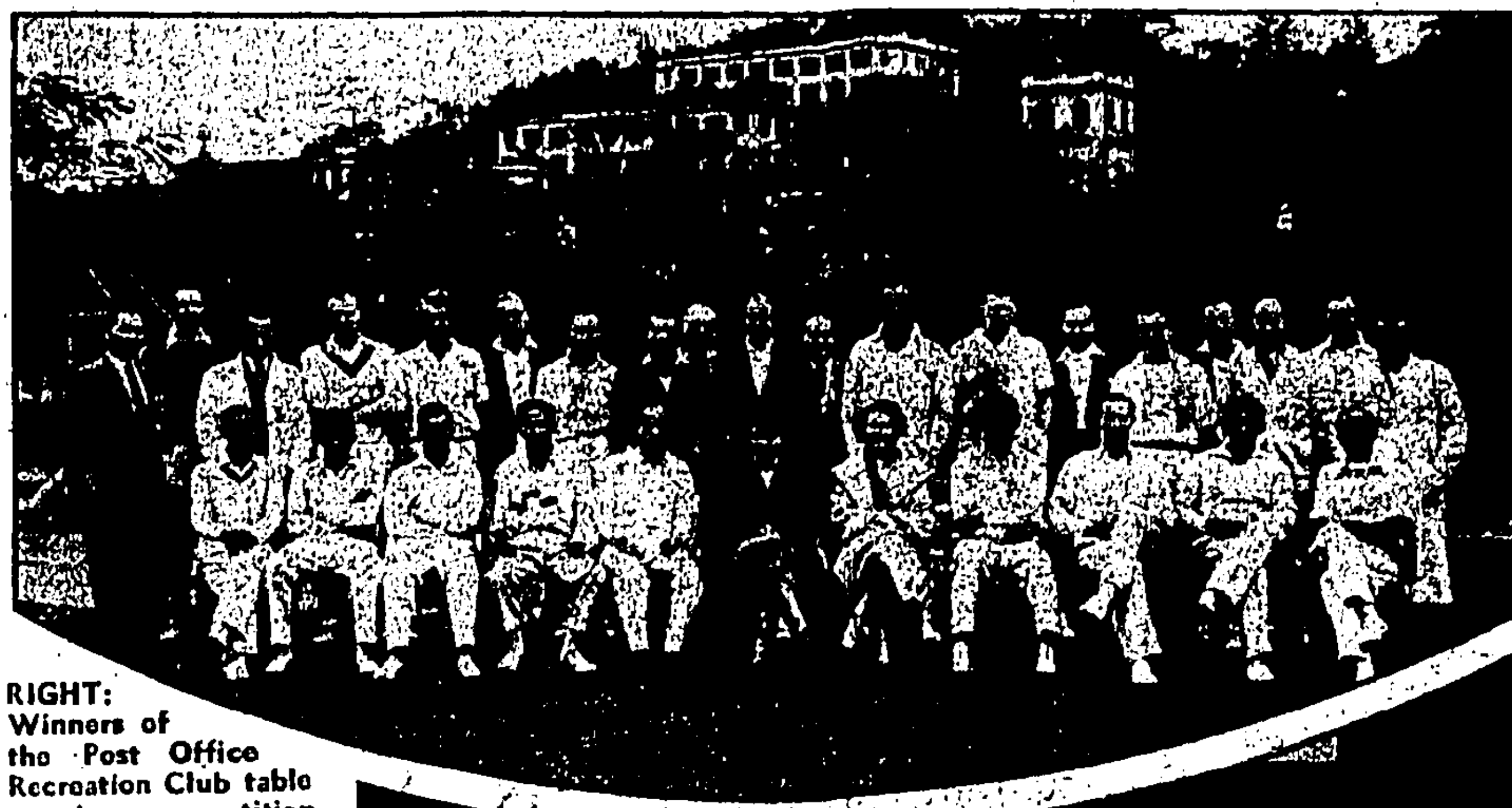
MR Kevin O'Donovan McClory, the director of the film "Round the World in 80 Days," who arrived with his unit a few days ago to shoot scenes here, explaining to guests at a cocktail party the merits of the Todd A-O camera with its extra-wide-angle lens. On right: Miss Jennie Woo. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor with some Committee members of the Hongkong University Alumni Association at their annual dinner dance. From left: Mr F. K. Leung, Vice-President, Mr Paul K. C. Tsui, Mrs Li Hin-lung, the Governor, Mr S. T. Cheung and Mr Lo Chi-chiu. Below: The President, Dr D. K. Samy, welcoming the Hon. and Mrs M. W. Turner. (Staff Photographer)



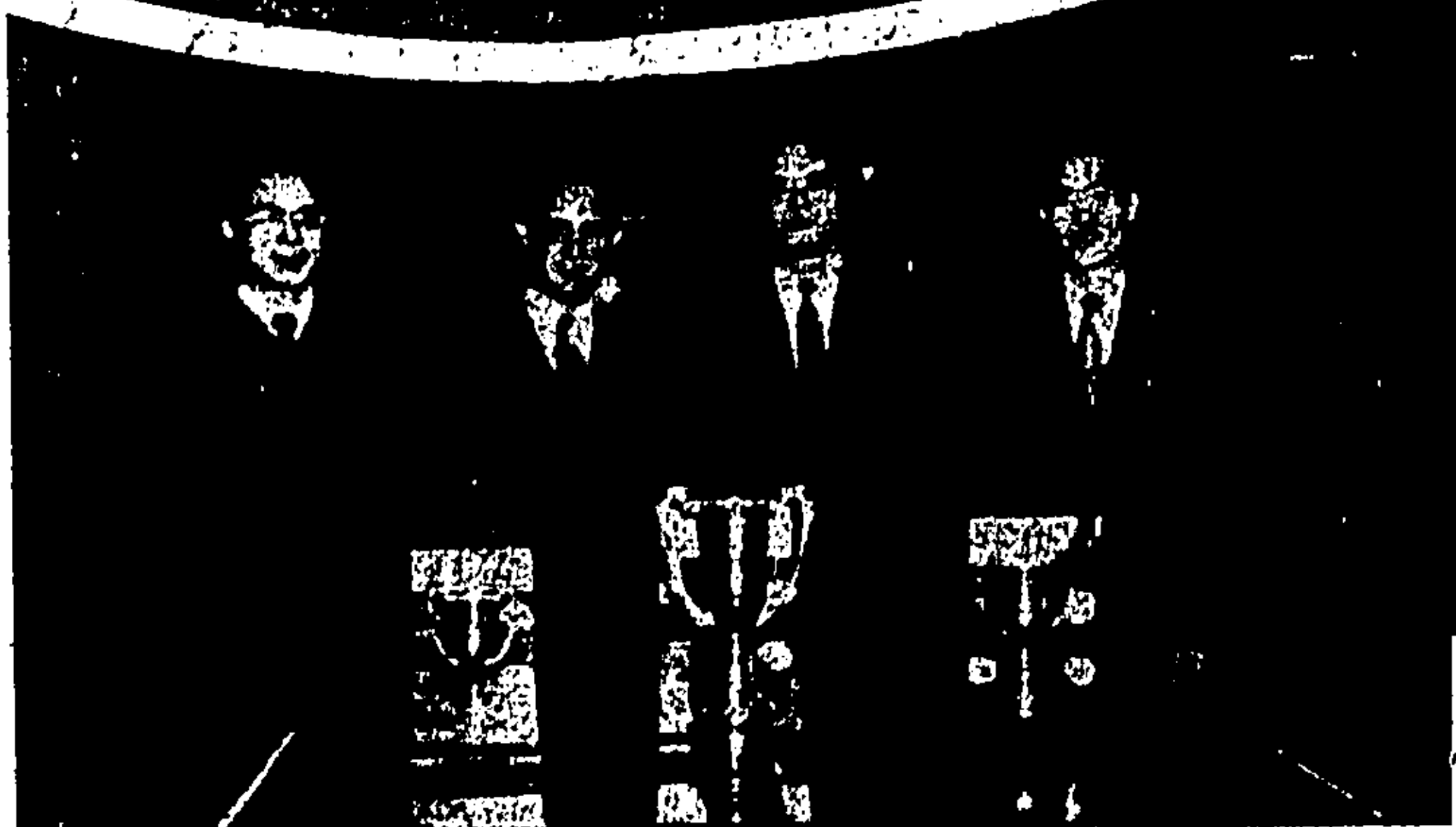
BELOW: Players who took part in the friendly cricket match last Sunday between the Legal Profession and the Government Legal Department. The former won. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Winners of the Post Office Recreation Club table tennis competition with Mr L. C. Saville, Postmaster-General. Second from right is Mr Chung King-yu, the champion. Extreme right is Mr Tso Yee, runner-up. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding are Mr Howard Arthur Norman Cattell and Miss Edna Burness Royland. (Staff Photographer)



SNAPPED at the annual ball of the Australian Association, held at the Peninsula Hotel. Top, from left: Mr E. C. van Helden, Miss B. Power, Mr H. C. Menzies, Australian Government Trade Commissioner, and Mr T. I. Lee. Bottom: Mrs P. Nash, Mr J. Wong and Mrs J. Wong. (Staff Photographer)

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MR Brian L. G. Besson and Miss Faustino Sengalan greeted by their well-wishers with a shower of confetti as they emerged from St Teresa's Church after their wedding. (Staff Photographer)

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WORLD record-breaker Robert Henry Pape in action at Caroline Hill Stadium on Wednesday. Pape set a new World and Empire record for the 30-mile run, and also broke the English record for the 25-mile. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Anne Crozier, wife of the Director of Education, distributing certificates to successful teacher trainees at the annual graduation of the Northcote Training College. (Staff Photographer)



MR M. A. da Souza with the Police Review Shield awarded to No. 3 Contingent, Special Constabulary, and Senior Supt. A. L. Gordon with the Police Review Cup awarded to the New Territories Police Contingent. The trophies were presented by HE the Governor on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Commissioner for the Government of India, Mr B.P. Adarkar, addressing Indian residents who gathered at his residence on Thursday for the flag-raising ceremony which began the celebration of Indian Independence Day. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Start of the new Inter-Schools Quiz at Radio Hong Kong. The Diocesan Girls' School team, which defeated Queen's College. The Quizmaster is Mr Paul De Tolt. (Staff Photographer)

THE Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David, and the District Commissioner, New Territories, Mr K. M. A. Barnett, inspecting exhibits at the New Territories Agricultural Show. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Rev. Johan Nielsen, former Pastor of the Norwegian Seamen's Mission who left on retirement last Saturday, speaking to friends aboard ship before sailing. (Staff Photographer)



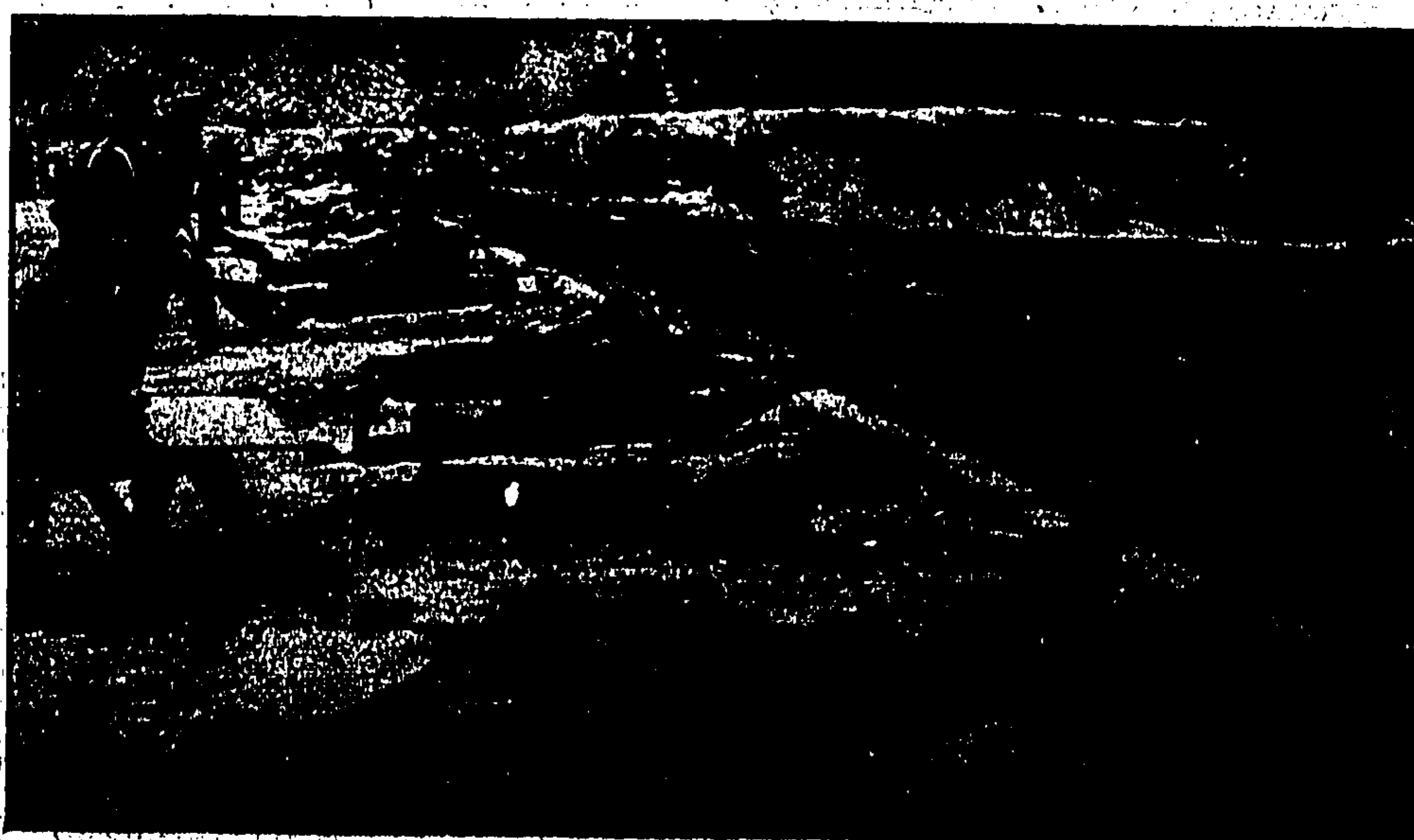
MR K. C. Fung, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, and the official party at the premiere of the film, "The Conqueror," at the Roxy Theatre. The show was to raise funds for a new free school. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Highest individual score in the Women's Inter-Services Rifle Competition was put up by Sub-Inspector M. M. Patrick, of the Hongkong Police Force, seen here at the presentation of prizes on Thursday with Lt-Col. O. F. Newton Dunn. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: During the past week, the many events in the Hongkong Bisley were shot off at the Kai Tak ranges. The finals will be shot off today and tomorrow. (Staff Photographer)



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Green, Brown and Grey

HAIR CORD
Light Brown and Blue

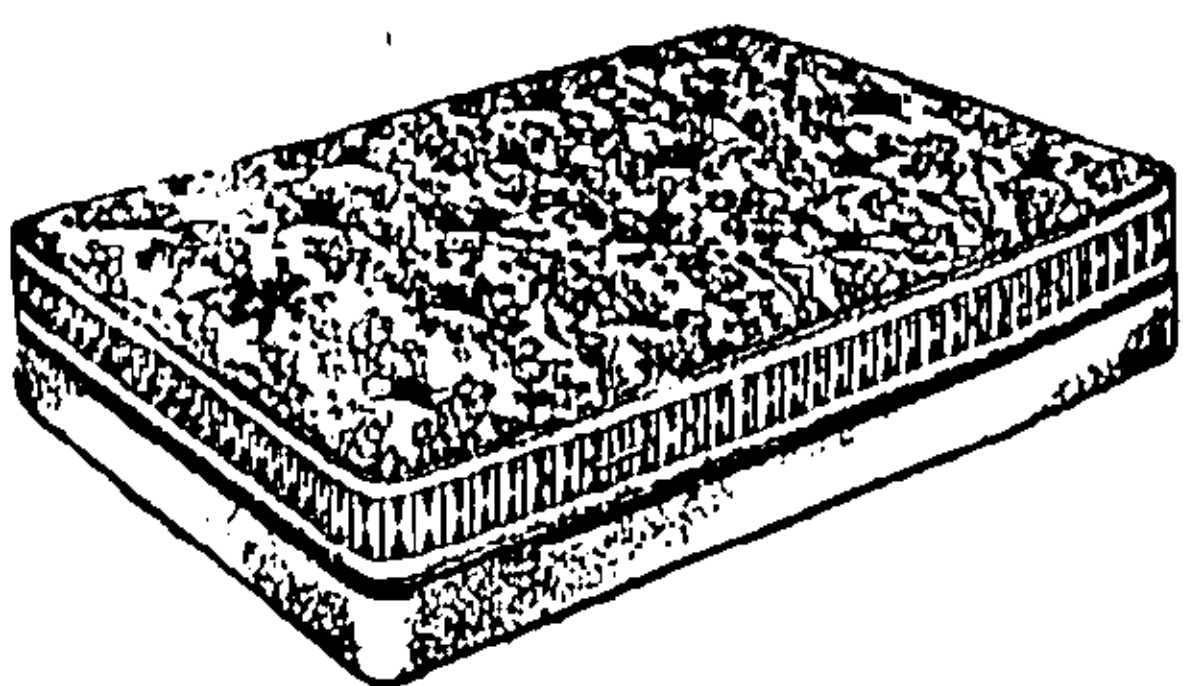
IN THE DOOR AND UP THE STAIRS

AT
MACKINTOSH'S

A Slumberland mattress—
for those who insist
on the best of everything

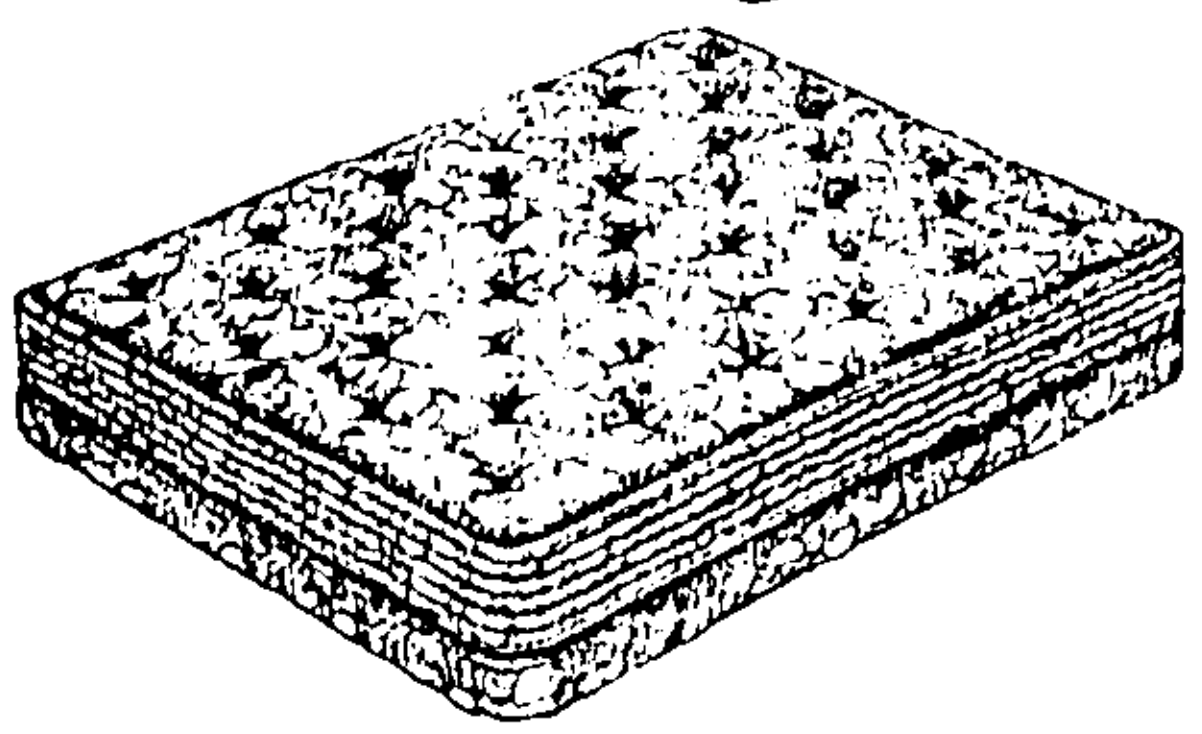
GOLD SEAL

The most luxurious mattress ever made. Its sumptuous, enduring comfort is based on a heavy, hand-sprung, highly-tempered steel mesh. The masterpiece of the Slumberland range.



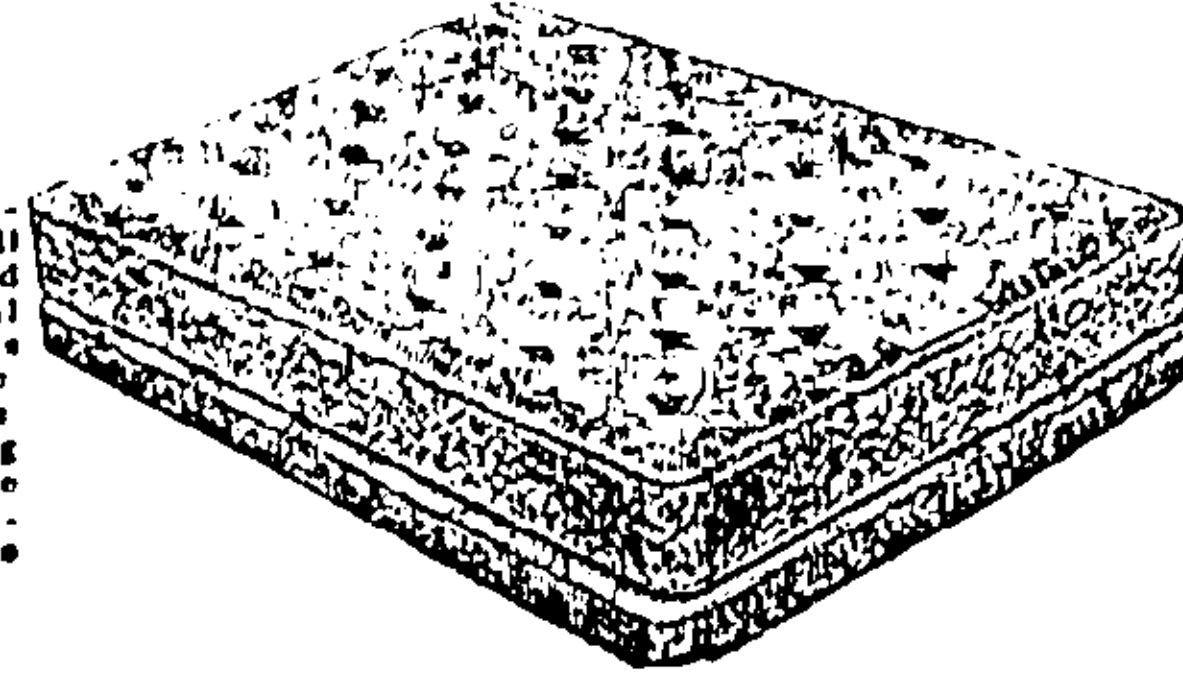
SILVER SEAL

Designed for super-comfort. It is cushioned with layers of thick felt interlaced with fine hair. Beneath this is the famous Orthopedic springing exclusive to Slumberland.



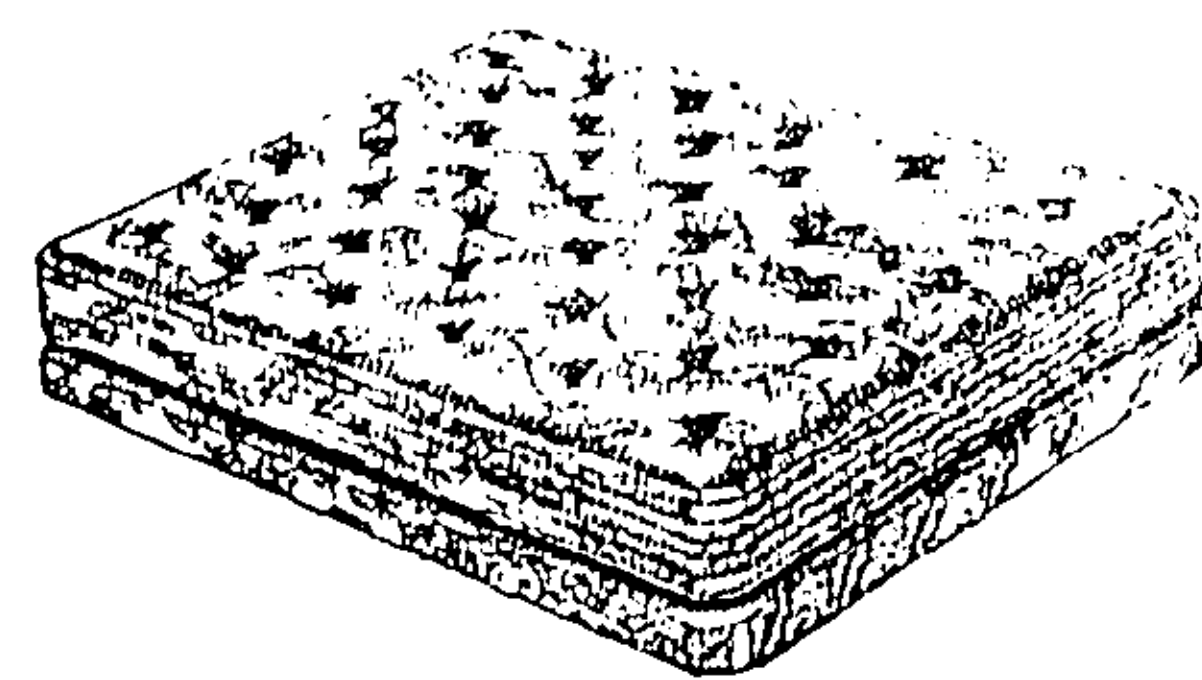
RED SEAL

Discriminating people all over the world make Red Seal their choice. Its super-comfortable Orthopedic springing deep cushioning and attractive finish have achieved a remarkable popularity.



WHITE SEAL

Where comfort is preferred with economy, there you will find the Slumberland "White Seal" mattress. It is made to give this very service with a minimum of outlay. The "White Seal" is everyone's mattress.



Slumberland
BRITISH MADE

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38th Anniversary Sale

COMMENCING FROM 26th JANUARY 1956.

FOR 15 DAYS ONLY.

To celebrate our 38th year we are offering to our patrons high class materials at next to cost price for 15 days only. (no extension). Our patrons are kindly requested to avail themselves of this rare opportunity during this sale. Such prices so offered will never be repeated after the sale is over.

Below are some of the many items.

	USUAL	NOW
Dress Woollens	54 ins. \$18.00 yd	\$10.00 yd.
Dress Woollens Fancy	54 ins. \$16.00 yd	\$ 9.50 yd.
Dress Woollens Angora	54 ins. \$18.00 yd	\$11.00 yd.
Dress Woollens Printed	54 ins. \$10.00 yd	\$ 5.00 yd.
Dress Woollens Printed	36 ins. \$ 9.00 yd.	\$ 5.00 yd.
French Brocades	38 ins. \$16.00 yd.	\$10.00 yd.
French Brocades	44 ins. \$18.00 yd.	\$12.00 yd.
French & Swiss Brocades	36 ins. \$10.80 yd.	\$ 7.00 yd.
French Embroidered Brocades	44 ins. \$22.00 yd.	\$16.00 yd.
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Also Hundreds of other items on display.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Knit While You Relax

CALYPSO JUMPER AND CARDIGAN

MATERIALS: 1 pair each of Nos. 9 and 10 Knitting Needles; Jumper: 6 (8) (6) (6) ozs of Emu Calypso Double Twist or Emu Zephyr 3 ply Botany; Cardigan: 8 (8) (9) (10) ozs of Emu Calypso Double Twist or Emu Zephyr 3 ply Botany; 5 Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit Bust: 34, 36, 38, 40 inches. Length Jumper: 20, 21, 22, 23 inches. Length Cardigan: 20 1/2, 21 1/2, 22 1/2, 23 1/2 inches. Jumper Sleeve Seam: 1, 1, 1, 1 inch; Cardigan Sleeve Seam: 19, 19, 19, 19 inches.

TENSION: 6 sts. and 10 rows to 1 sq. inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: K., knit; P., purl; st(s), stitch(es); w.r.n., wool round needle; w.f., wool forward; tog., together.

NOTE: These instructions are written in 4 sizes, stitches and measurements for the smallest size being given in the ordinary way, the larger sizes being bracketed in the following spaces.

JUMPER

BACK

* Using two No. 10 needles, cast on 86 (90, 94, 98) sts. and work in stocking st. (1 row k, 1 row p) for 2 inches, ending on a p. row.

FRONT

Follow instructions for Back from * to *.

Shape Sleeves and Neck:—Next row: Increase 1, pattern 49 (53, 55, 59), cast off 2, pattern to last st. Increase 1.

Right Front:—

* Continue on this last group of sts. decreasing 1 st. at neck edge on every 4th row and increasing 1 st. at armhole edge on every 10th (10th, 12th, 14th) row until 7 (5, 5, 3) increases have been made at armhole edge in all. Keeping armhole edge straight, continue with neck decreases until 44 (45, 46, 47) sts remain on needle. Continue on these sts. until work measures 44 (45, 46, 47) inches from beginning of sleeve shaping, ending at side edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of next and following 4 alternate rows and 10 sts. at the beginning of following 2 alternate rows. Work 1 row. Cast off remaining 9 (10, 11, 12) sts.

Rejoin wool to remaining sts. and work Left Front to match Right Front working from ** to **.

NECK BAND

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 26 sts. 1st row: (K.1, p.1) 4 times, (k.2, w.f., k.2 tog.) twice, (p.1, k.1) 4 times. 2nd row: (P.1, k.1) 4 times, (p.2, w.r.n., p.2 tog.) twice, (k.1, p.1) 4 times. Repeat these 2 rows until band measures 20 (20 1/2, 21, 21 1/2) inches. Cast off.

ARMBANDS

Using a back st. seam join shoulders. Using No. 10 needles,

COAT HANGER

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 Gram.), 1 ball each 508 (Blue) and White. Millwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3 1/2 hook and light workers could use a No. 2 1/2). 1 Coat Hanger, 1/2 in. (45.7 cm.) Red Ribbon 1 in. (2.5 cm.) wide.

TENSION: 12 rows and 7 dc = 1 in. (2.5 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: ch=chain; dc=double crochet; sp=space.

DIRECTIONS

With white, commence with a chain about 2 in. (5 cm.) longer than hanger.

1st Row: 1 dc into 2nd ch from hook, * 1 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 dc into next ch; repeat from * until row measures same as hanger. Cut off remaining ch, 2 ch turn.

2nd Row: 1 dc into first sp, * 1 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 dc into next sp; repeat



with right side of work facing, knit up 84 (88, 92, 96) sts and work in stocking st. for 1 inch. Cast off.

TO COMPLETE

Pin out each piece of garment to correct measurements and press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Using a back st. seam join side seams. Double armholes in half and hem cast off edge to pick up eye on wrong side. Sew neckband round neck, overlapping the ends at centre front.

CARDIGAN

BACK

Follow instructions for Back of Jumper from * to *.

Shape Sleeves:—Continuing in pattern, increase 1 st. at both ends of next 6 rows, cast on 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 (6) (6) (4) rows, 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows, 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows and 12 (16, 16, 20) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Continue in pattern on these 294 (302, 308, 314) sts. until work measures 3 1/2 (3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2) inches from end of sleeve shaping.

Shape Shoulders:—Cast off 12 (11, 10, 9) sts. at the beginning of the next 20 (22, 24, 26) rows, cast off 12 (15, 17, 15) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Work 1 row. Cast off remaining 28 (30, 32, 34) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 43 (45, 47, 49) sts and work in stocking st. for 2 inches, ending on a p. row. Make a seam as given in instructions for Back of Jumper only picking up 13 (45, 47, 49) loops.

Change to No. 9 needles and continue in Fagot St. (Wrong side): P.2 (1, 3, 1), * w.r.n., p.2 tog., p.2, repeat from * to end. 2nd row: * K.2, w.f., k.2 tog., repeat from * to last 3 (1, 3, 1) sts., K.3 (1, 3, 1).

* Repeat these 2 rows until work measures 5 inches from beginning. Continue in pattern increasing 1 st. at side edge on next and every following 8th row until these are 61 (55, 57, 61) sts. on the needle. Continue on these sts. until work measures 12 1/2 (13, 13 1/2, 14) inches from beginning, ending with a wrong side row.

Shape Sleeve and Neck:—Decrease 1 st. at neck edge on next and every following 4th row and at the same time shape sleeve as follows:—Increase 1

st. at side edge on next and following 5 rows, then cast on 4 sts. at the beginning of next row to commence at side edge and following 2 (2) (2) (1) alternate rows, 8 sts. at beginning of next 4 alternate rows, 10 sts. at beginning of next 4 alternate rows and 12 (16, 16, 20) sts. at beginning of next alternate row. Keeping wrist edge straight, continue with neck decreases until 133 (130, 137, 140) sts. remain on the needle. Continue on these sts. until work measures 3 1/2 (3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2) inches from end of sleeve shaping, ending at wrist edge.

Shape Shoulders:—Cast off 12 (11, 10, 9) sts. at the beginning of the next and following 9 (10, 11, 13) rows and cast off 13 (15, 17, 14) sts. at beginning of following alternate row.

LEFT FRONT

Follow instructions for Right Front from * to *. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in Fagot St. (Wrong side): P.2, w.r.n., p.2 tog., repeat from * to last 3 (1, 3, 1) sts., p.3 (1, 3, 1) and row: K.3 (1, 3, 1), * w.f., k.2 tog., k.2, repeat from * to end. Complete Left Front to match Right Front working from ** to **.

SLEEVE CUFFS

With a back st. seam join top sleeve seams. Using No. 10 needles, knit up 64 (68, 72, 76) sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 inches. Cast off in rib.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 18 sts. and work in stocking st. for 1/4 (1/4, 3/4, 1/2) inch, ending on a p. row. 1st buttonhole row: K.3, cast off 3, k.12. 2nd buttonhole row: P.12, cast on 3, p.3. Continue in stocking st., making 4 more buttonholes at 3 (3, 3 1/4, 3 3/4) inch intervals, measuring from base of previous buttonhole. After buttonholes have been completed, continue in stocking st. until band is long enough to reach up right front, round back, neck and down left front, slightly stretched. Cast off.

TO COMPLETE

Pin out each piece of garment to correct measurements and press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Using a back st. seam join side and underarm seams. With right sides of front and front band together, back st. right round edge.

Buttonhole round buttonholes. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes.

SCHOOL FOR BRIDES: 2

MISS LEE HELD THE FISH AT ARM'S LENGTH...

Helen Burke introduces her four learner-chefs to the next stage in the cooking course for newly-marrieds and for those about to be

HAVING practised on first courses at home for a week, my four learner-chefs turned up eagerly for the second lesson. The subject of this is Fish. Nothing sets the tone of a dinner better than a well-prepared fish dish. It is a promise of more gastronomic delights to come.

Yet how queasy are most women when it actually comes to preparing fish. I suspect that this is the reason why the fish course is so often omitted these days in otherwise well-conducted homes. It is a great pity.

I started off by making stock. When I asked Margaret Lee to hand me a sole she held it at arm's length with a look of horror on her face. I am glad to report, however, that by the end of the lesson all my pupils were handling fish without a qualm.

The basic stock, incidentally, is the same for many sole dishes. While one of the pupils was butchering the inside of my grill pan, Mrs. Littlejohns added a sliced shallot, three stalks of parsley, and the bones and head.

Then in went about a wine-glass of dry white wine. The mixture was simmered for five minutes to bring out the essence of the bones. We then well covered the bones with boiling water, placed a butter paper on top, and simmered the stock for 20 minutes.

Q.—Only 20 minutes?

A.—Yes. Longer simmering would result in the extraction of bitterness from the bones, which should be avoided at all costs.

A pinch of salt and a little freshly milled pepper were added to this stock, the basic one.

SOLE BONNE FEMME

FROM here, we deal with our two sole dishes. First, Sole Bonne Femme which, as its name indicates, is the way a busy housewife would make a simple dish. It is, therefore, quite simple.

We strained about a half of the stock into a pan and added two fillets to be poached in it.

Q.—Poach? Don't you boil them?

A.—Never—any more than you would boil eggs when you poach them. Boiling fish would make it woolly and tasteless.

Q.—For how long?

A.—Until the fillets are opaque when we place them on a heatproof dish.

Mrs. Littlejohns added three thinly sliced, unopened small white mushrooms to the pan, together with a teaspoon of lemon juice.

Q.—Is the lemon juice for flavour?

A.—Not really, though it does give a pleasant sharp touch, its real purpose is to keep the mushrooms as white as possible.

"Now I know what was wrong with my mushroom sauce," remarked one of the brides. "It was so revoltingly dark that my poor husband couldn't touch it."

"Perhaps you bought the dark-gilled type, rather like open field mushrooms?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well," I said, "lemon juice cannot bleach them white. You must have small, unopened, pale-gilled, white-skinned mushrooms for white sauces—and don't peel them, because much of the flavour is in the skin."

CREAMED BUTTER

MRS. Maturlin-Baird made a maître d'hôtel butter which she knew about before she met me. It is simply a piece of butter, creamed, with the addition of chopped parsley to one's liking and as much lemon juice as the mixture can absorb during the beating. A few minutes in the refrigerator or on the window ledge will firm it up perfectly.

Put a piece on each grilled steak just as it goes to table, when it will melt and moisten the fish.

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Expert Recommends Some Mobile Carpeting

Now York. ONE authority says if there is a new floor covering in your re-decorating plans, better and wearing the carpet faster, make it a portable one.

Edward Fields, a custom carpet and rug manufacturer, said area rugs are a better buy than wall-to-wall coverings. Fields, writing in Retailing Daily, said it is "probably expensive" to take up wall-to-wall carpeting for cleaning in a plant. Yet, Fields added, cleaners have not found a satisfactory way to clean carpets on the floor. Some detergent grates, he said, are trailing additional dirt rapidly decorating plans, better and wearing the carpet faster, make it a portable one.

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The Contradictions That Make Dulles

"—no sooner had All Baba pronounced the magic words 'Open Sesame' than he found himself in an enormous cave packed with Cadillacs, Coca-Cola, and the largest block of oil shares east of Suez!"

OMEGA ★ *Thosol* 310 Gloucester Building



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BATTLE OF WAISTS

The "Battle of the Waists" by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers goes on. It started at the first of the "Spring Collections" with "The Struck" line and no waist, and "The Waist Line" with accentuated waist.

Then came a compromise—a straight tunic called "The Djellabah" and the "Cascade Line" (with waist) for evenings.

Story behind the "Djellabah tunic" concerns a visit to Tangier by designer Digby Morton, who was intrigued by the garment worn by Moroccan

men. He bought one and used it as an inspiration for long coats and, also, in natural linen crash, as tunic to wear over a navy sheath linen dress for summer town wear.

SHIP NEVER CAME BACK

For the past 85 years children have been called to school on a tiny island in the North Sea by a bell that came to them out of the sea.

At Sonderho, on the island of Fano, off the coast of Jutland, some schoolchildren found a bell washed up in wreckage. It bore the inscription Orcaeden, Grimsby—1911, and it was eventually installed in the school.

Now successors of the finders have been trying to trace the history of the bell and have heard from Grimsby of the Orcaeden, a local trawler built in 1911 and commissioned by the Admiralty in World War I. Records show that the Orcaeden served as a minesweeper until its disappearance in 1915.

Now the Grimsby firm of E. Bacon and Sons, Ltd., who owned the Orcaeden, have asked the children to return the bell so that it can be erected in their office "in memory of a ship that never came back."

GOALS THREE MILES APART

A most important point in which Captain Charles Watkin, Conservative MP for South-east Leicestershire, has to keep when he returns to Britain from his present visit to Southern Rhodesia concerns a football match in which the opposite goals are three miles apart.

He is to throw up the ball to start the traditional Shrove Tuesday football match at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, on February 14. No man is accorded this honour twice.

The Duke of Windsor is among the notable people who have been given the privilege.

WHAT'S A FRIGATE?

When is a cruiser not a cruiser? When the admirals call it a frigate. That sort of confusion, brought about because admirals have been lumping all sorts of new-style ships under old titles, provoked a protest from Raymond Blackman, editor of "Jane's Fighting Ships."

The word "frigate" has been stretched by the world's navies to include America's 5,000-ton former light cruiser Norfolk and four 3,700-ton former destroyers.

And the smaller navies are calling 600-ton patrol boats frigates.

In days of sail a frigate was a small, fast vessel used for reconnaissance and despatch carrying.

Among the warships the Royal Navy now calls frigates are vessels ranging from 1,000 to 2,000 tons—submarine hunters, anti-aircraft escorts, fighter-direction ships, converted fleet destroyers, and corvettes.

HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

Should you be in Kent and have a wish to visit the village of Womensold, take care or you may go astray. There are at least nine ways to spell the name.

The big-scale survey map calls it Womensold, but the telephone directory says Womensold. The parish magazine prefers Wymynsould and Hasted, the Kent historian, names it Wimbingsould. Other variations are Wymynsould, Wymynsould, Wimbingsould and even Womenjole.

FLYING COWBOYS

Flying "cowboys" who roam the Canadian North-up and branding herds of bison. The herds roam over hundreds of square miles of sub-Arctic territory, and the traditional Western methods of rounding up cattle by lariat and branding them with irons is impossible.

So helicopter crews are armed with a simple type of firebomb, loaded with sheaf dye. The fliers cut out a chosen animal from the herd and spray the

MOZART'S LETTERS.

Edited, Eric Blom. Penguin Books, 3s. 6d. 278 pages.

WITH mounting indignation and alarm, old Leopold Mozart read the letter which his son Wolfgang had written from Vienna.

The boy, instead of being grateful for the patronage which his Grace the Archbishop of Salzburg was showing him, actually resented being made to eat with the servants ("by the way, the two valets sit at the top of the table, but at least I have the honour of being placed above the cooks") and spoke imperiously when his illustrious master would not let him give public concerts.

Leopold Mozart blamed himself; he had spoiled the child. Wolfgang had become insufferably conceited; precocious fame had utterly turned his head.

As a musical prodigy of eight, he had paraded about Europe in powdered wig and sword and gold-embroidered court-dress; at 14 he had received from the Pope the Order of the Golden Spur. In Naples his phenomenal playing was attributed to a magic ring he wore. The boy was everybody said—a genius with countless compositions to his credit.

Kicked out

But musicians, however talented, did not bandy words with archbishops. When they were kicked out of a room by a nobleman, as Mozart was by Count Arco, the Archbishop's steward, they did not even think of kicking back.

They knew their place. It was in the servants' room below the valets, but above the cooks. But Mozart knew that his place was among the immortals.

Even if his letters were badly written, they would still be of interest because any light on the personality of a man of genius is precious. But, in fact, Mozart wrote the liveliest, gayest—and sometimes the most improper—of letters.

A Book Review By George Malcolm Thomson

THE ARCHBISHOP KICKED OUT THE BOY GENIUS

He shared the Mozart family's taste for bawdy language. Sometimes he found it prudent to put his remarks about public men into cipher.

The portrait which the letters paint is that of a happy, witty man, fond of playful language and parody, devoted to Constanze, his wife, with whom he lived imprudently, merrily and in growing poverty.

He liked wine and billiards and dancing. Once a friend surprised Constanze and Mozart dancing in their apartment; it was a cold day and they could not afford to buy fuel. Once even the pawnbroker's went to the pawnshop.

Mozart had the cocksureness as well as the gifts of genius. By sharp criticism he hurt the feelings of lesser musicians; they avenged themselves by intriguing against him. His enemies were powerful enough to prevent him achieving financial success.

He had one great enthusiasm outside music; he was a passionate Freemason, member of the oldest lodge in Vienna. His last great opera, "The Magic Flute," was cryptically addressed to his brother masons.

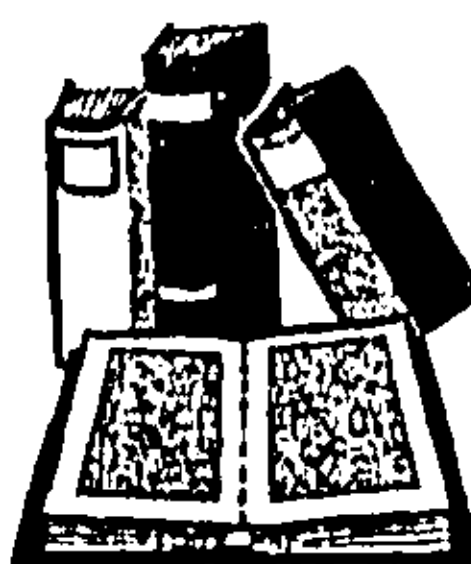
From one of them, Michael Puchberg, a rich merchant, he borrowed large sums of money. His begging letters to this man are the most pathetic in this selection as those to his wife are the most delightful.

Writing to his "Dearest, most beloved little wife," Mozart is by turns:

Affectionate: "There is a struggle going on between yearning to embrace you once more and my desire to bring home a large sum of money."

Jealous: "I do wish you would not make yourself so cheap. In my opinion you are too free and easy with N.N. Remembering you yourself once admitted to me that you were inclined to comply too easily."

In 1781, aged 35, over-worked and in ill-health, Mozart was interrupted in composing "The Magic Flute" by a sinister stranger dressed in mourning, who on behalf of an unnamed patron, commissioned a Requiem. Mozart agreed to begin the work for 50 ducats. A few months later, the stranger called again to inquire how it was going on. He brought more money.



By this time Mozart was obsessed by the idea that he was engaged on his own Requiem. He was ill; he believed that a rival musician, Salieri, who hated him, had given him poison. He took to his bed. As it was finished each item of the Requiem was sung to him.

When the mysterious stranger came for the third time, Mozart was already dead. The last movement of his life was an attempt to indicate when the kettledrums should be used in the final section.

Mozart was buried in a snowstorm so severe that none of the mourners had the fortitude to follow the coffin to the grave, a pauper's grave, which later on could not be identified.

All that was left of Mozart was a wealth of great music, and some hundreds of spirited and unguarded letters.

FOOTNOTE 1.—The mysterious stranger turned out to be the emissary of one Count Walsegg who proposed to pass off the Requiem as his own.

FOOTNOTE 2.—Salieri, on his death-bed, called Moscheles, a famous pianist, and said solemnly, "I did not poison Mozart."

Unguarded

If It's Romance You're After...

By NANCY SPAIN

Hooray for galligaskins and tiffy-taffety and doxies in the stews o' London and personal interviews with Drake and Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville.

There is nothing I like better. And just in time to save me from collapse among the piles of serious, solid, worthy, contemporary fiction comes a book after my own heart.

It is **TUDOR RENEGADE** (Constable, 13s. 6d.), by 50-year-old ex-newspaper man Don Tracy.

It is all about Dion Harvie, son of Lord Avonbeck, an ostentatious young gallant.

Dion has been packed off to sea in a hurry in the good ship "Tyger" because he has plucked the Queen's favourite (a chap called Grover) in a duel.

Grover has told Dion that Dion is only interested in his ruff and his perfume, and this annoys him here.

Dion has scarcely been on the high seas 20 days before the Portuguese pilot remarks that red hose are not suitable wear on shipboard. So Dion again reaches for his rapier.

Ah, well. Eventually, they land in the New World, swearing awful oaths like "fod" and "Damn!" and on the island of Roanoke Dion casts off his

helmet, his corselet, and his arquebuse and picks up a deep tan. He also picks a young Indian lady called Ryeko.

She has large, lustrous eyes, and her breath "carries the same scent of grapes as the wind." Soon his brain is hammering such untranslatable phrases as "Savage wench, savage wench, savage wench, how sweet, how sweet." And before you can say Gloriana they are dallying in the dunes.

Ah, me. It is the year 1584 (or so the author tells us), but this doesn't stop our Dion. He seems to whizz back and forth across the Atlantic as quickly and often as a jet plane.

Indeed, I have only one thing against this delicious picture of the early colonising efforts of the English. Nobody ever bothers to tell me what became of grape-scented Ryeko....

The Primrose path

BUT what of the New Elizabethans? Duffel coats and bowler hats are drab after galligaskins and hose and all that. But there is a first novel **THE PRIMROSE PATH** (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), by Peter Forster, that is a real contemporary romance.

It is all about poor silly Edward Primrose who starts the story in an insurance office. Primrose is sacked. Soon he gets a horrible job in publicity. Soon he has lost that too and has fallen in with degenerates. Soon he is a spy.

And then, poor Primrose, he bursts in upon a secret conference between the Master Spy and an awfully important English figure (a Cabinet Minister or someone) so he has to be bumped off. Bye bye, Primrose.

Now, this story is not all that absurd. (I absolutely refuse to remind you of the strange case of B-r-g-s and M-cl-n.)

Mark my words, in a few years time we shall be talking about Mr Forster as though he were Mr Graham Greene....

Little old joke

ARE American jokes different from British jokes? I think not. Consider the latest U.S. best-seller **AUNTIE MAME** (Muller, 12s. 6d.), by Patrick Dennis.

His little old aunt gets off with Beauregard Burnsides, a little old Southern gentleman.

But little old Sally Calo McDougall (who has been killed by a car) survives for poor Auntie Mame to ride to bounds on a mad horse.

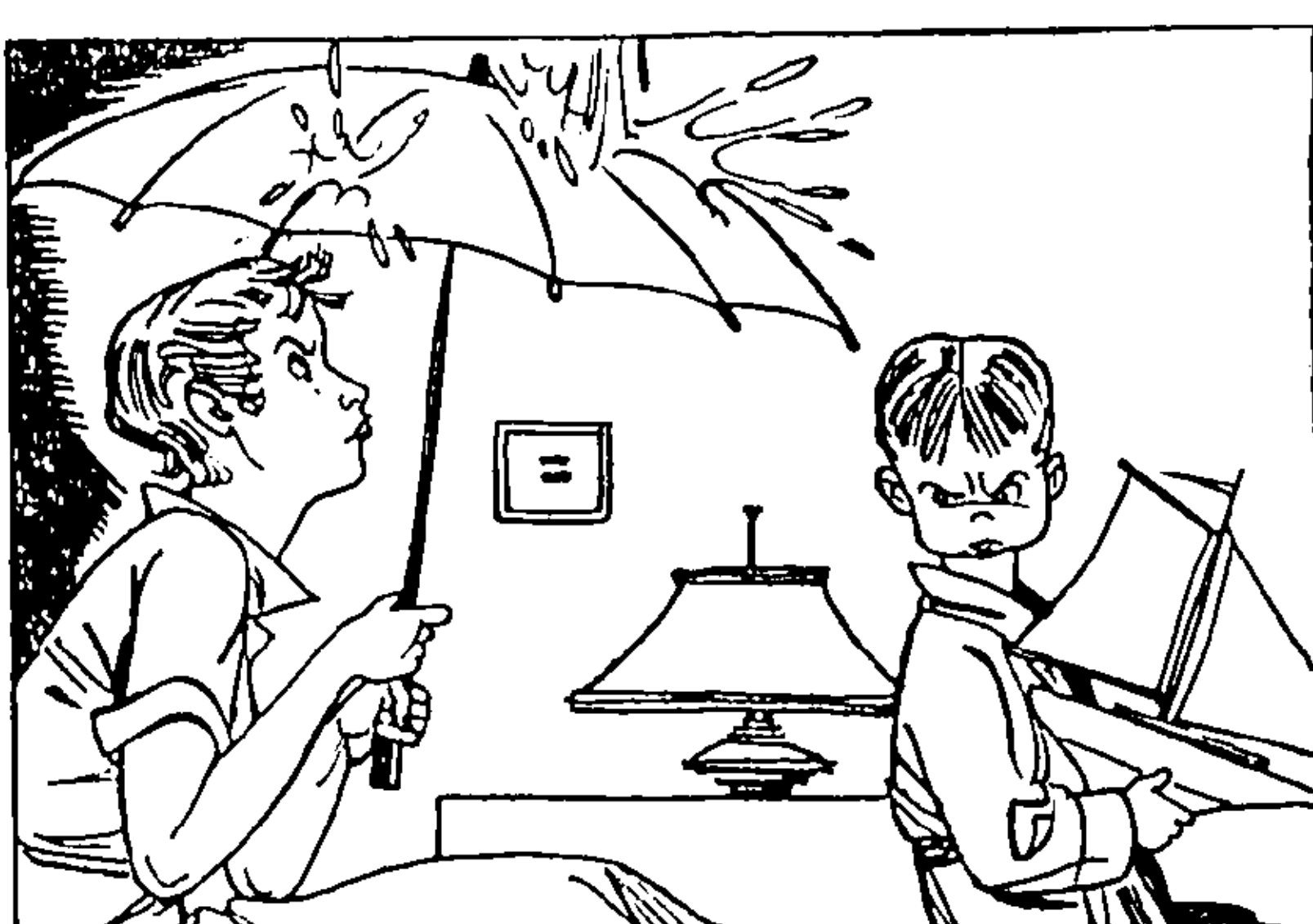
Auntie Mame (glued to the side of the car) charges over fields of corn, through chicken coops, until the horse dashes to death against a stiff flood wall.

Auntie Mame flies on into the Savannah River. "Most smokin' old city," says the vet. "My Little Yankee Valkyrie," says Beauregard. So, all in all, very very American. Very Southern. Don't believe it. Millions were there. But they are dead. In 1945. They were killed.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Lucky New Year

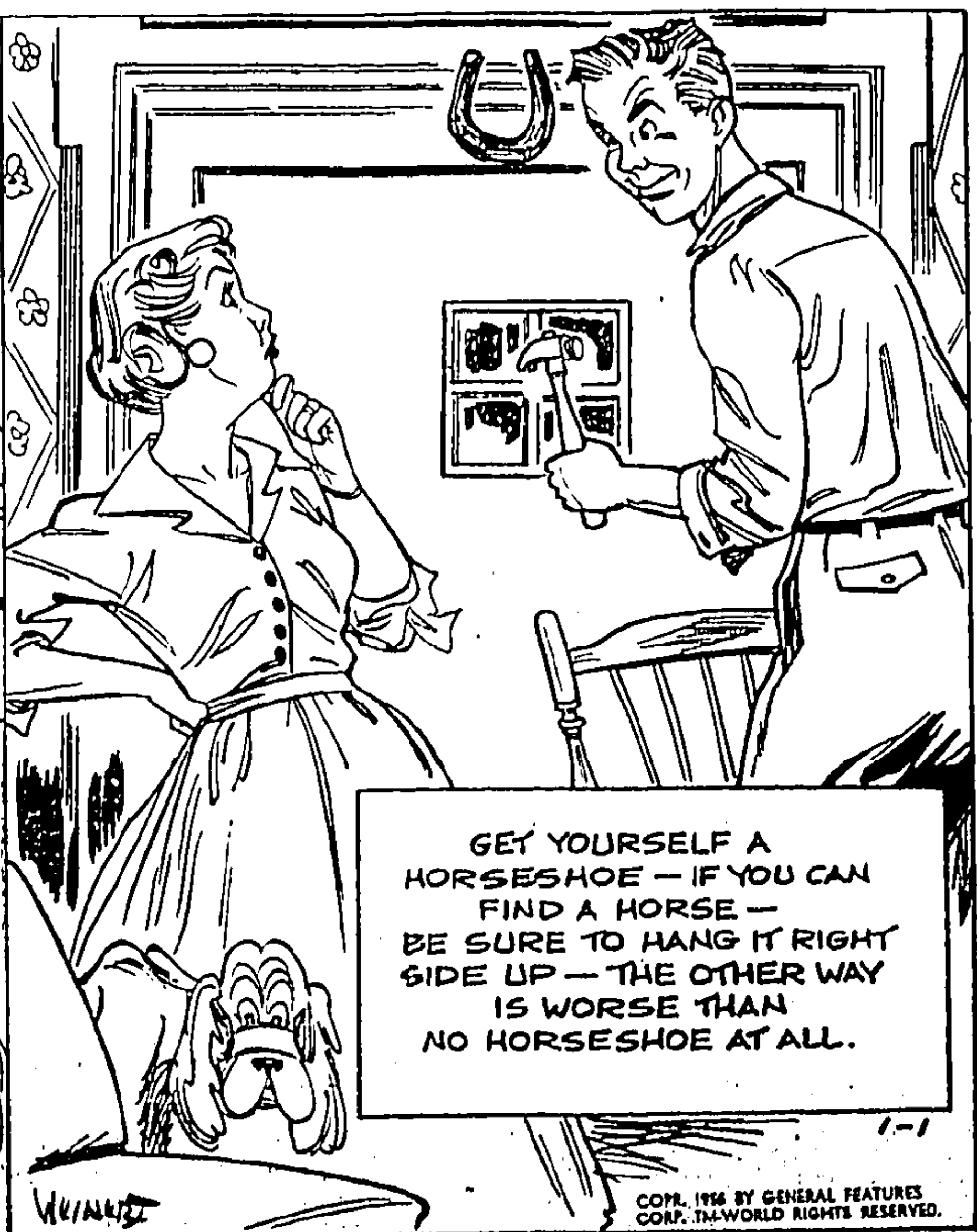
BY HARRY WEINERT



DON'T OPEN AN UMBRELLA IN THE HOUSE - EXCEPT IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, LIKE AN OVER-FLOWING BATHTUB.



DON'T LET WALKING UNDER LADDERS BOTHER YOU - CLIMB OVER 'EM.



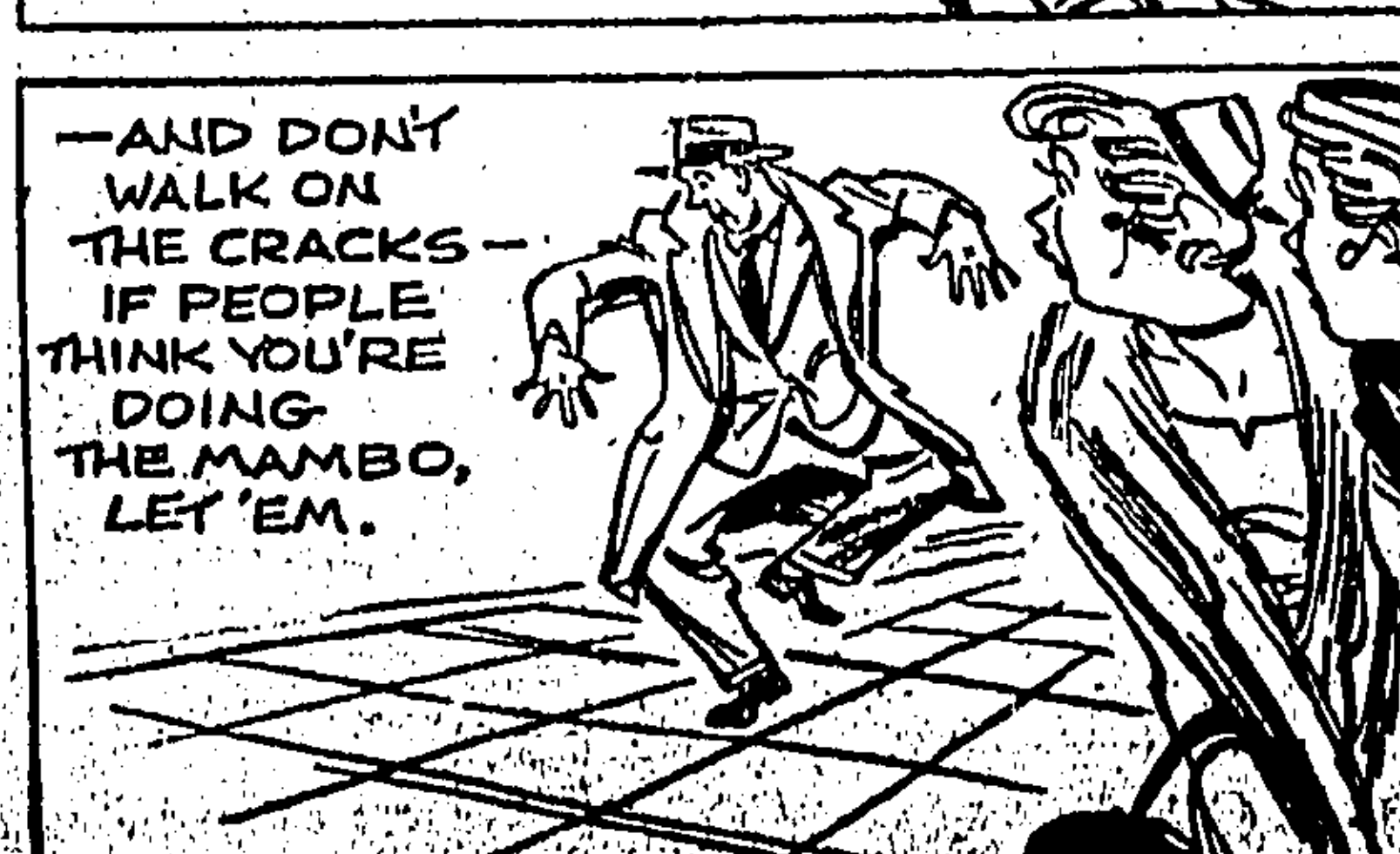
GET YOURSELF A HORSESHOE - IF YOU CAN FIND A HORSE - BE SURE TO HANG IT RIGHT SIDE UP - THE OTHER WAY IS WORSE THAN NO HORSESHOE AT ALL.



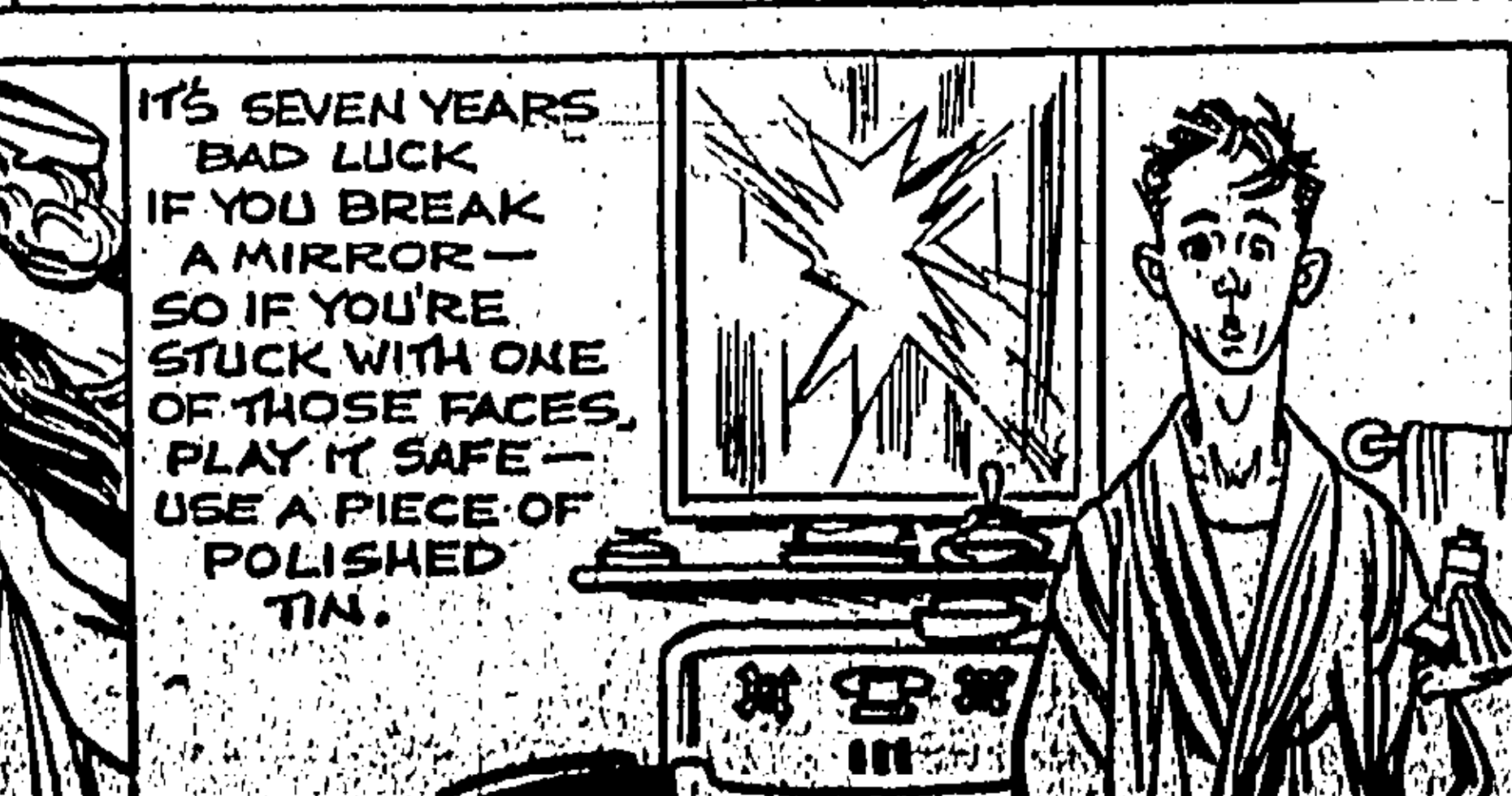
DON'T LAUNCH ANY NEW ENTERPRISES ON FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH.



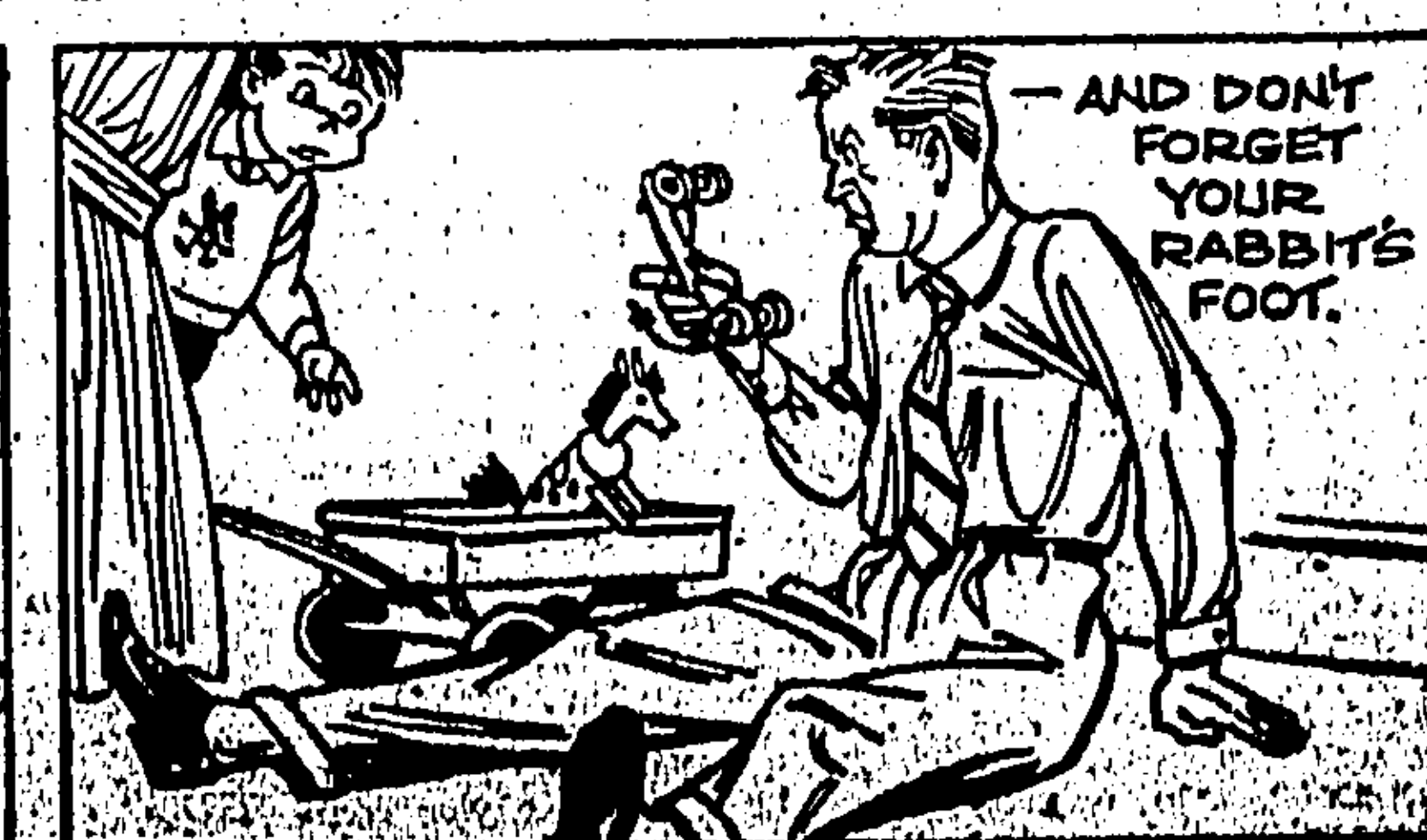
IF THERE ISN'T ANY WOOD TO KNOCK ON - DON'T GET PANICKY - USE YOUR HEAD - ANY SUBSTITUTE IS BETTER THAN NOTHING.



AND DON'T WALK ON THE CRACKS - IF PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE DOING THE MAMBO, LET 'EM.



IT'S SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK IF YOU BREAK A MIRROR - SO IF YOU'RE STUCK WITH ONE OF THOSE FACES, PLAY IT SAFE - USE A PIECE OF POLISHED TIN.



AND DON'T FORGET YOUR RABBIT'S FOOT.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Operation Fat Choi Supports A Worthy Cause

Have you a favourite record? Or is there perhaps a tune you'd gladly pay real money to have kept off the air?

If your answer is 'yes' to either question, and you have a few dollars to spare to help a worthy cause, you mustn't miss "Operation Fat Choi", beginning on Thursday evening at 9 p.m., when the combined forces of Radio Hongkong and Rediffusion will conduct this joint operation to help raise funds for the Chinese New Year Drive for Needy Families.

Here's how it works. A list of the fifty most popular tunes of the moment will be published tomorrow, and between then and Thursday evening you are invited to write in to P.O. Box 137 and vote for or against any tune on the list.

Every vote will cost you a dollar, and you can have as many votes as you like at a dollar each, limited only by the extent of your bank balance and your generosity. Every vote in favour of a record will help to have it played on the air, and every vote against will help to keep it off.

A record will only be eligible for playing on the air when it has a clear majority of \$200 worth of votes. If no tune on the list appeals to you, then you have your own choice added by sending a minimum of \$200 with your request.

Of course, the real fun starts on Thursday evening when listeners will be able to phone the votes in and promise their dollars while the programme is on the air.

A team of six disc jockeys drawn from the ranks of Rediffusion and Radio Hongkong will be on hand to play the successful discs and help you advised of the score on each record.

THE ROYAL TOUR

On Monday Her Majesty the Queen is to present new colours to the 2nd Battalion The Nigerian Regiment, in Lagos, and excerpts from recordings of this ceremony will be broadcast over Radio Hongkong on Tuesday, January 31, at 8.30 p.m. Further recordings of the Royal Tour of the Nigerian Regiments will be broadcast on Saturday, February 4, at 8.30 p.m.

MUSIC WITH A NEW LOOK

As its title implies this is a musical programme with a difference. Recorded by Radio Malaysia for Radio Hongkong, it features new and Chinese songs especially arranged in the modern manner for a Western style concert orchestra.



Miss Khong Yeh Ling, charming Chinese songstress, is featured in "Music with a New Look", a programme of old and new Chinese songs played by the Radio Malaysia Orchestra on Sunday at 9 p.m.

The programme has long been popular in Malaysia where it has run for over two years on both the English and Chinese networks and recordings are now being made in Singapore for Radio Sarawak and Radio Sabah as well as Radio Hongkong.

The music is played by the strong Radio Malaysia Orchestra conducted by Corbett. This orchestra is almost as cosmopolitan as Singapore itself, numbering in its ranks Chinese, Indian, British, Dutch, Hungarian, Russian and Filipino players.

The majority of the arrangements are by Bill Lee, a young Irishman in charge of Radio Malaysia's serious music programmes who has had many of his compositions broadcast by the BBC.

The music in tonight's programme is Miss Khong Yeh Ling whose picture appears on this page.

THE GOON SHOW

The many listeners who heard a sample "Goon Show" in the Variety Parade series and wrote to Radio Hongkong asking for more will be delighted to hear that a complete series of these crazy programmes begins tonight at 8.30.

The show, which is a Goon has been described by one London radio critic as "someone of marvellous lunacy, with a very old brain, who thinks in the fourth dimension." The cast of three in the Goon Show met during the war, invented their own system of Goonism, and after battling at the doors of Broadcasting House for some time managed to get on the air and stay there.

Peter Sellers plays the man of many voices; brilliant Harry Secombe is the exponent of mad laughter and operatic arias; Spike Milligan is a true living Goon. The action of the first episode takes place at the British Embassy, and at Haywards Heath; just to mention a few. The second episode, in which a young Ned Seagoon whose aim is to sabotage the Hungarian football team, thus leading to a reversal of Britain's position throughout the sporting world.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second.)

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8

THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

Club And Police Meet In Today's Best Match

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon only two games of rugger are scheduled, as the Army North versus Army South match has been postponed until a later date by arrangement between the two Army fifteens.

This has been done because next Wednesday, February 1, the Land Forces Inter Unit Knockout Competition Final will take place, and both Army fifteens provide the majority of players in the final.

Therefore they feel that a game between the Army XV's would result in a possible crop of injuries which would upset the chances of either the King's Own or the 74 LAA.

To the Army, brought up under a strongly competitive spirit, the inter-unit final is almost sacred, and while some spectators may envy at being robbed temporarily of the enjoyment of watching the game, the Army's point of view is easily seen, and since the game is between one Army side and another no great harm is done in postponing it.

Had it been a case of postponing a game with one of the other fifteens for some other activity there would have been grounds for complaint, as was the case previously this season.

Remaining are, therefore, the Club and Police match which will take place on the Army ground in Boundary Street at 4.00 p.m. and the RAF versus Navy game at Kai Tak at 3.00 p.m. Both should provide interesting clashes for there is no much to choose between the four teams opposed today.

CLUB v POLICE

Probably the best will be the Club and Police match for here two strong packs will fight it out for supremacy. While the Police did well with their foot rushes against the Army North last week, they will not be able to repeat it this week for the Club have the heavier pack, and if anything the Club is the faster pack.

In the loose the Club, with Penman and Armstrong Wright as wing forwards, should overcome the Police opposition, and

in the lineouts the Club should take the major share, but in the scrums Cunningham will probably prove to be the better hooker.

Behind the scrums the Club have a more powerful three line this week with Addin and Valentine in the centre, but the wings are still the weak link in the Club attack. Steward and O'Kelly have not hit it off too well of late, but may show an improvement this afternoon.

The Police back division at the time of going to press is in a state of flux as Scott is a doubtful starter and should be pronounced unfit the three and halves will switch around a bit. Presuming him to be fit the Police three look the more dangerous, for they do run a little straighter than the Club and their defensive play is good.

A lot will depend on the harassing tactics of the Club wing forwards this week-end, and it is here that the Club shine, and the Police halves may find trouble in getting the ball away clearly.

With the ball from the loose and the lineouts the Club have the better chance of scoring and they should register their victory so far, by a narrow margin.

NAVY v RAF

The other game brings together the Navy and the RAF, both with two defeats to their account so far. The tournament so far has been a blow to the Army who expected to do well even in the early stages, while the Navy have battled on against superior odds so far.

Today offers the Navy their best chance of a victory to date for the Army in their two previous outings have not been impressive. They have a fairly good set of three, but the handling is poor, and the halves have not combined well in this half of the season.

The RAF XV has one change from last week while the Navy have two changes. Dey returns once more to replace Briggs, and best news the Navy have had since Sherwood comes back after too long an absence to fly half. This will strengthen the Navy attack, and the RAF defence shows too many gaps, particularly in the centre, which Lloyd and Harcla should be able to find.

The Navy pack is slightly heavier, and should do well in the scrums where the RAF are trying out Walter as hooker. In the lineouts the RAF, with Lamb and Page, should be well to the fore, but the wing forwards will just about cancel one another out in the loose.

The RAF three, if they will only pass the ball better, are the more likely to score, but on their previous outings and against general opinion this is the one game the Navy can win.

It will be a close match, the final result should be close and the Army could easily upset this forecast.

HOW THEY STAND

And now the Tournament Table to date:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Army S.	2	2	0	0	48	11	4
Club	2	2	0	0	22	12	4
Army N.	2	1	1	0	20	17	3
Police	2	0	1	1	19	35	1
RAF	2	0	2	0	9	24	0
Navy	2	0	2	0	12	37	0

THE TEAMS

Club: Roberts, Purves, Addin, Valentine, MacCallum, O'Kelly, Steward, Williams, Russell, Elliott, Harrover, Carpenter, Penman, Kerr, Armstrong, Wright.
 RAF: Phillips, Lewis, Fraser, Dyer, Wilmet, Cornah, Leeming, Anderson, Walker, Davis, Hannan, Lamb, Page, Southwick, Tait.
 Navy: Martin, A. M. O'Neil, Lloyd, Harvey, Fowler, Sherwood, O'Connell, Dey, Davies, Windchill, Broben, Gay, Duffy, Stubbs, Cunningham.
 Police: Johnson, O'Leary, Marsh, Brown, Nash, Scott, Lloyd, Purves, Cunningham, Brown, Shielley, Forsyth, Bryson, Reid, Walker.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SIXTH (ANNUAL) RACE MEETING
 Saturday, 28th January, Wednesday 1st & Saturday, 4th February, 1956.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 30 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon each day.

The Tiffin interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.) each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
 All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Although Through Tickets cannot normally be purchased for each day of a Meeting unless there is an interval of at least five days between each day an exception is being made for the Annual Race Meeting. Through Cash Sweep tickets, therefore, at \$20 each per day or \$50 for the three days of the Meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours until 10.00 a.m. on each day of the Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 27th January will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 4th February 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 5, D'Agular Street and 882, Nathan Road.

TOTALISATOR

Bettors are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
 A. E. ARNOLD,
 Secretary.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

OUR BIG WEEK OF SOCCER EDUCATION IS OVER BUT—WHAT NOW?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

The great soccer feast is, for the moment, over. In the short space of a week, a big slice of the football world has moved across our fine Hongkong Stadium in the boots of the Wiener Sportklub of Austria and the Yugoslavian international side. We may well ask ".... and what now?"

This has really been a week of super soccer education and provided our footballers, and those who look after our football affairs, can interpret the lessons advantageously then the hours of work that were necessary to make the visits possible will have been well worth while.

In spite of all the setbacks, uncertainty and postponements the Austrian series looked very much like being a financial success and has served to emphasize once again that there is a public—a big public—for genuine big-time football.

If this fact, wanted or needed further endorsement it was surely given 27,000 times over by the big crowd that packed the stadium to see the Yugoslavs in action and that in spite of high prices and very short notice.

All this must be a source of the greatest satisfaction to the Football Association in so far as the business and financial aspects of the visits are concerned, and it will no doubt encourage them to widen their future fixtures still further.

A GOOD GAME

But let there be a word of warning at this stage. The crowds will all the big stadium only as long as they can anticipate a good game. As soon as the feeling gets abroad that our boys are no longer capable of exciting the visitors, the crowds will lose interest. To make a match requires two teams, and the closer the playing strengths of the two opposing sides, the better the soccer entertainment will be.

Do not let us forget that as far as these short games are concerned the HKFA is, in fact, selling entertainment. A one horse race is certainly not entertaining... except to the soccer addict or the betting group... and neither group is worth consideration.

The really important lessons from the two visits were not in the administrative offices or at the turnstiles, however meretricious they may have looked. The vital lessons, stark, staring and cold, were on the field of play. The shattering defeat of All-Hongkong by the Austrians in their first game here only a few hours after they had got off a plane, was really a piece of frightening football humiliation, but provided it is reviewed in its right light, it could yet prove to be a blessing in disguise.

It has often been said that the Colony's soccer throw will not support a game in which their favourite star players are not involved. For this reason players have frequently been selected on 'paying' rather than 'playing' considerations, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt that—retrograde as it was—there was ample justification for what was done.... but is it still true?

In the side against Yugoslavia there was no Wai Fat-kin. No Ko Po-keung, no Chan Fung-hung... or Chau Man-chi... or Yiu Cheuk-yin... or Mok Chun-wah... or Chu Wing-keung... or Ho Yung-fun... and yet there was a 27,000 crowd.

Having watched the spectators carefully, and having listened to their cheering in recent games, we can only say that, if I KNOW they were not there

merely—and only—to see the visitors. They were there to see the various Hongkong sides win... and they were there to cheer them on when their play merited such encouragement.

This is surely the greatest single factor coming out of the four big games. The first steps should be taken now to build up a Colony side that can be kept together for some years. They should play together and be coached together... and, no matter what their names happen to be, the crowd will be there to cheer and support them... provided the football they play is good enough.

OLDER PLAYERS

Some of the older players, who have served the Hongkong football public so well, are almost at the end of their soccer span. They have long ago reached the stage when they are unresponsive to new ideas... and is there still a doubt in any mind that there are NEW IDEAS?

The Austrians and the Yugoslavs, showed our boys, tactics and skills that they simply did not know existed. They showed them a standard of team co-operation that destroyed all our pre-conceived plans, but it is to the credit of some of our players that they made gallant efforts to adjust their ideas to meet the new measures they so unexpectedly encountered.

They did this with success against a travel-tired Austrian team in the second and third games and there is no reason to suppose that, given the right preparation, they would not be able to adjust their general play to meet modern conditions.

A look at the youthful Austrian and Yugoslavian sides showed just how much the game today needs young adjustable players. Old experienced men take a lot of convincing that the "new" can be better than the "tried and trusted"... but surely our most recent visitors have shown us all too clearly that there are new ideas, and they proved very conclusively that if these ideas are applied with skill they make the "tried and trusted" look more like "tried and rusted".

NATURAL TALENTS

The writing is on the soccer wall. The Hongkong footballers have all the natural talents; they have the basic love of football that is a vital factor in its further development; they are fortunate in that they have spectators who appreciate complicated displays of skill; and they have in the Colony's experienced administrative and technical guides to help them make progress.

With our present playing strength and talent we could tackle the best that many bigger countries could put in the field and we would stand a good chance of success, but we are really—to put it in school parlance—Fourth Formers.

The great footballing countries of the day are Sixth Formers by comparison, and, if we aspire to sit in with them,

we must be prepared to learn our lessons diligently and progressively.

Football is becoming an increasingly important bond between countries; the playing pitch is becoming an international meeting place; and of course air travel has made the world a smaller place in which footballers can move around. We must be so prepared, as to be worthy of the very best opposition that comes our way.

WEEK-END GAMES

After all the luxuries of international football we get back to routine this week-end with Shield and League games on the programme.

Today

Senior Shield (2nd Round): CAA v Club at Boundary Street at 3.30 p.m.
 Junior Shield: KMB v Taikeo at Boundary Street at 2 p.m.
 First Division: Eastern v RAF at Caroline Hill at 3.30 p.m.

Tomorrow

Junior Shield: Sing Tao v. Pricans at Boundary Street at 2 p.m.
 First Division: Kitchee v. South China at HK Stadium; St. Joseph's v. Navy at Navy Ground; Kwong Wah v. Sing Tao at Boundary Street at 3.30 p.m.

In spite of recent indifferent displays CAA will start favourites to beat Club in the Senior Shield game this afternoon. The Club has been making strenuous efforts to strengthen their side, but up to the time of writing, there was no definite news that they had been successful.

The Chinese boys have had some very good moments this season but they would be wrong to take an over-confident attitude about this game. The form tip is CAA to win, but if Club rise to the occasion, we may have a big upset.

There should be a good crowd at Caroline Hill to see Eastern tackle RAF in a League game. The airman have not enjoyed the best of luck in their big matches this season but with just a reasonable smile from fortune they could make the star-studded Eastern side sit up and take notice.

The crowd will be at the Hongkong Stadium tomorrow to see how injury-plagued South China fair against Kitchee. It is very doubtful if Mok Chun-wah and Yiu Cheuk-yin will be fit, but whatever the line-up, the Caroline Hill boys will start favourites to collect a couple of points.

Sing Tao should get the better of Kwong Wah at Boundary Street but with doubts about the playing strengths of both St. Joseph's and Navy it is hard to forecast how the game at Causeway Bay will go.

... and an afterthought... Sorry J.J.M. no after-dinner thought for MacTavish... indications are that the HKFA were as disappointed with Wai Fat-kin's performances against Wiener Sportklub as I was...

Nine League Men To Plan Major Overhaul; Floodlights For All

By BOB PENNINGTON

The nine-man Football League Management Committee are planning a major overhaul of the League set-up.

When the League clubs meet in London on March 12 they will be presented with a bold blue-print of changes likely to call for a complete reorganisation of the Third Division.

The nine bosses of football during their six-hour sessions over the last two months have agreed: "There must be greater competition in the League if we are to increase attendances."

I understand they will use all their influence to persuade clubs to agree to three up and three down promotion and relegation. In the First and Second Divisions next season.

There is optimism that this recommendation will get the necessary 75 per cent majority of votes from the powerful First Division clubs who were once bitterly opposed to any move that might take them to the Second Division.

THE SCHEMES

Three schemes involving reorganisation of the Third Division are also under consideration:

1. Three sections—South, Midlands and North. Advantages: Pick of the non-League clubs could be admitted. Reduced travelling costs and new attractions.

Disadvantages: Only one club for promotion from each section. Could new clubs justify League status?

2. Naming the Southern Section Division Three and the Northern Division Four.

Advantages: Three up and three down throughout the League. Second Division clubs would be spared their main worry—relegation to the Northern Section.

Disadvantages: The obvious injustice of Northern clubs having to fight their way through two divisions before reaching the Second Division.

3. A combined Third Division of the top Northern and Southern clubs, based on average "gates" and playing records.

Advantages: Three up and three down throughout the League.

Disadvantages: Heavy travelling costs which would not be offset by increased "gates" for the poorer teams forming the Fourth Division.

BLUE-PRINT

A suggestion by Sir Stanley Rous, secretary of the FA, for a Super-League, a National League of 16-18 clubs, has been discussed informally by the League chiefs.

Sir Stanley is now preparing his own blue-print for a reorganisation of English football which will be submitted to the FA.

But the League are certain to base their plans on a scheme which does not reduce the present size of the First and Second Divisions.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Cricket

1st Division: Army North v. Regent, CCC. Navy v. Scorpions v. Police. KCC v. ITC. RAF v. Optimists.

2nd Division: Regent v. University. "B" v. Army. ITC v. ITC. University v. Wase. ITC v. RAF. Army v. South v. DSS.

Soccer

Senior Shield: CAA v Club at Boundary Street, 3.30 p.m.

Junior Shield: KMB v Taikeo (BS) 2 p.m.

League

1st Division: Eastern v RAF (CH) 3.30 p.m.

2nd Division: Eastern v RAF (CH) 3 p.m.; Army v Club (SKP) 3.45 p.m.

3rd Division: Daisy Farm v Little Belvedere, Telephone v Dockyard (HV) 3.15 p.m.; HABC v Tranway (HV) 3.45 p.m.

4th Division: Caroline Hill v. Hoi-lan-lan, Rediffusion v. RIL (HV) 3.45 p.m.

Shoot

HK Rifle Shoot, Colony Championship, Kai Tak Range.

Hockey

Ladies' League: Dorcas "A" v. Dorcas "B" (KV) 2.30 p.m.; KCC v. Ties-Grenville Kings (BS) 4 p.m.

Victorians v. KCC "A" (HV) 2.30 p.m.; Services v. Grenville (BS) 2.30 p.m.; CCC v. Regent (HV) 4 p.m.

FOR MANY YEARS

Target No. 2 for the League chiefs is a standardised flood-lighting system throughout the League to permit three o'clock kick-offs all the season.

No League rule can force a club to adopt floodlighting. But they will be advised to consider the early installation of lighting and several clubs will be asked to improve their floodlighting facilities.

(London Express Service).
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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Alfred Padgham

By ARCHIE QUICK

Thirty years ago John Rowe, of Royal Ashdown Forest Golf Club, Forest Row, presided at the annual dinner of the Sussex Professional Golfers' Union in Brighton, and made this pronouncement: "My assistant there will one day win the Open Championship." His forecast was correct, for his assistant was Alfred Padgham.

The years have rolled by, and again John Rowe has been chairman of the annual dinner. Yet it is not Padgham who has left the greatest imprint on Sussex golf, for he was never assistant champion and won the County title only once. The record holder in this direction is Arthur Harrison, who has become the first player ever to achieve the "hat trick" of winning the County Open Championship, the County Professional Championship and the Inter-Club County Foursome. A handsome trio of trophies for the club sideboard.

By winning the professional title Arthur took the crown for the sixth time, thus surpassing the successes of Fred Robson and "Curly" Parsons. His wins were in 1937, 1940, 1949, 1952, 1953 and 1955—a span of eighteen years. His "Open" victories were in 1949, 1950, 1951 and 1953—the three successive wins there being another unique feat.

Thirty-five years in the game, this Hampshire Hog from the New Forest town of Brockenhurst, was first an assistant at Littlehampton but has been professional at Hill Barn—the Worthing Municipal Course—for twenty-one years. He has been Captain of the Sussex Union for many years now, and is also on the executive side of the Professional Golfers' Association. There he sits on the National Committee, and is a member of the Ryder Cup Selection Committee.

Harrison's Sussex successes have not been gained over easy opposition. For instance, the Scot Willie Anderson, formerly of Mureau and now professional at Rye, is no mean performer, and there has been Ryder player Laurie Ayton to contend with, although that bulky personage is now at Ipswich. Harrison tells a good story of a round he played with Ayton.

It was a practice round for the Goodwin-Shieldford tournament at Abbotsley, Yorkshire. They played half a crown on the round, a shilling on the bye and £1 for holes in one. Ayton won the match and with it half a crown. At the sixteenth he told his shot dead and said: "That is three and six, you owe me, Arthur." Harrison replied by bolting his tee shot and claiming the pound!

POP

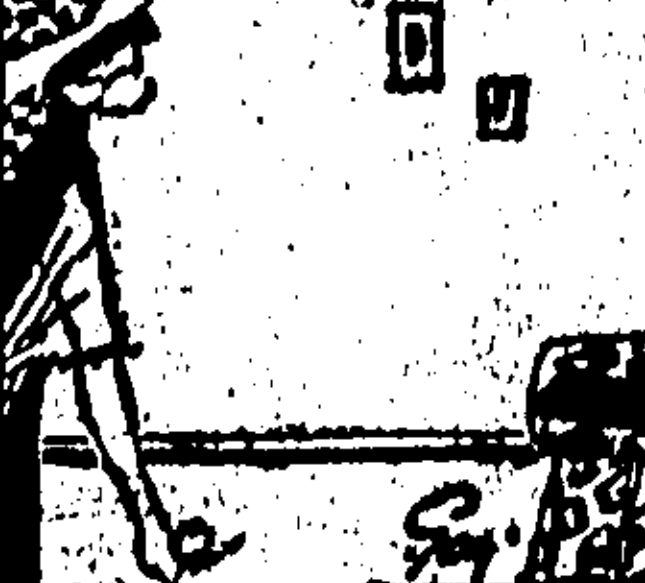
MA!
 IT WORKS!



THAT NEW HAIR RESTOREZ REALLY WORKS!



I HAVEN'T NOTICED ANY DIFFERENCE



LOOK AT MY HAIRY FINGERTIPS



PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS.



BRITAIN'S OLYMPIC HOPES

On track and field, in gymnastics, baths, in towns and villages up and down the country, Britain's top athletes are preparing for a tilt at the biggest prize amateur sport has to offer—an Olympic Gold Medal. What are their chances? This series takes you into the dressing rooms and shower baths, introduces you to the men and women who hope for the honour of wearing the Union Jack on their track suits in Melbourne next year. It tells the story of their rise to fame, their hopes and fears.

HUSBANDS? NOT FOR ME SAYS DIVING CHAMPION MISS ANN LONG

By ERIC NICHOLLS

I was expecting someone rather different. That's why I stood almost next to Britain's National and Empire Games Diving Champion, Ann Long, in the foyer of the Bank of England, for fully five minutes without recognising her.

We had a luncheon date. And knowing how easy it can be to miss someone in a building as large as the Bank of England's, I spent an interesting morning studying photographs of the attractive young Miss who set Vancouver alight, and the Union Jack a-fluttering.

Of course, she was attractive. But not in the way I had expected. In fact the trim 19-year-old carrying an Airways bag might have been just another member of the army of typists and secretaries marching to and fro during their lunch break.

I couldn't help feeling that to try and typify this lifeguard (Essex) girl would be a difficult business. She seemed so out of place among the City "types," their black bowlers and razor-crowned, pin-striped trousers.

Yet as she got to grips with omelette and tomatoes, one could hardly describe her as a sporty type either.

It is hard to imagine Ann Long living to a schedule which leaves her very little time for anything other than diving.

WEEKLY ROUTINE

Just consider this weekly routine: Monday: Office 9 a.m.—6 p.m. Then straight to West Ham Baths for an hour and a half's training. Home to bed.

Tuesday: Office 9 a.m.—4 p.m. Home, Baths for training. Then say behind to coach youngsters of the Hford Diving Club.

Wednesday: Office 9 a.m.—4 p.m. Straight to Baths for training.

Thursday: Office 9 a.m.—1 p.m. Afternoon off. But not from training. To the Baths. Evening off.

Friday: Office 9 a.m.—4 p.m. Straight to Baths for more training.

Saturday: Morning, more training. Evening, more diving practice. Afters, presentation dinner or be guest at sporting function.

Sunday: Rest day. Quite a hectic, business-before-pleasure week. But since 1950 it has brought her the National Highboard title four times, the National Springboard Championship three times, a Junior "Open" Springboard and schools' national diving title; and, of course, that Empire Games Gold Medal, a fifth (highboard) and seventh

(springboard) at the Helsinki Olympic Games. And it brought her, by way of remuneration, an Amateur Swimming Association advanced certificate for teaching, and selection as a Southern Counties Judge.

Her title gathering has had added interest, thanks to the kelly efforts of one Chairman Welsh, with the highboard Championship, Chairman is usually a close second, and takes her revenge in the springboard. Last year it was the reverse. Ann took the springboard, and came second to Chairman in the highboard.

FIRST TO ADMIT

Like most young sportsmen or women, Ann could never have done it on her own. She is the first to admit that. She did to me, pausing from munching cheese and biscuits to sing the praises of coach Cyril Laxton. Cyril, incidentally, was the man who trained Betty Slade, European Champion before the war. Betty was also an Hford girl.

Ann's only regret as she stood on the rostrum in Vancouver, fighting back those tears of joy as she saw the Union Jack hoisted over the Empire Games stadium, was that Cyril and her parents were not there to see her.

We had reached the coffee stage when the subject of marriage came up. The news, for all eligible bachelors, is that Ann has no iron in the matrimonial fire.

Jokingly she told me how she plans to settle down with "a couple of parrots and a dog." I hate cats—and my own company.

It's a fact that she doesn't enjoy other people's company—she is one of six children. But diving comes first. And Ann feels that to get married would force her to give up the sport she loves so much.

DORIS DAY FAN

And it is not, again, that Ann has no interests outside swimming. Despite her rigorous routine she is an honorary member of the local Oyster Society; enjoys Shakespeare, and modern jazz; is choosy about films, she is a Doris Day fan and likes a good musical, or comedy.

Not strangely perhaps one of her intentions is connected with water. She wants to try her luck at water skiing.

With an anxious glance at her watch, and polite "mustn't keep the coach waiting," Ann went off to what she describes as her daily dip.

What kind of person, then, is Ann Long?

This attractive bank typist, with the engaging personality, is modest, yet ambitious; a Champion, yet humble; the sort of girl whom any father would

be proud to have as his daughter. Certainly England wishes her all the luck that is going, and above all the achievement of her heart's desire—an Olympic Gold Medal.

(London Express Service).
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ANN LONG

TABLE TENNIS TALK

Sponge And Yorkshire Grit—That's Brian Kennedy

Brian Kennedy, that large slice of Yorkshire grit currently rated as England's No 3 in the cause of table tennis, gives a sardonic laugh when he hears suggestions that English players lack the killer instinct.

"It's utter nonsense. Of course we go out to win. Every time we lose to a foreigner, someone comes out and says that we aren't trying. It's possible to lose for a lot of reasons. Your opponent might be the better player; or you might just feel off form."

Track-suited Brian was chatting to me at the North West Kent "Open" Championships last week-end. To back up his argument, he smashed his way through the defence of bright young Middlesex star Derek Burridge to win his fourth "Open" title of the season. When later in the evening Kennedy with Betty Isaacs beat Len Adams and Elsie Carrington in the Mixed Doubles final, Brian retained his unbeaten record in this season's English tournaments.

And it's all with the aid of sponge. When the ladies and gentlemen from the land of Nippon swept through yet another Jack-pot season last year, 24-year-old Kennedy, the hardest hitter in Britain's top set, decided that anything the Japs could do he would try to do better.

SERIOUS PRACTICE

So during the close-season, Brian armed himself with the necessary sponge rubber, and got down to some serious practice.

Results speak for themselves. He ran through international class opposition in the North of England, the North East of England, the Yorkshire "Open" and now the North West Kent Championships.

When I saw Kennedy, plus ordinary rubber, defeated in the international against Japs in Leeds last year, he was hitting more often, but with less accuracy.

Now, by varying his attacks, Kennedy builds up to the killer

stroke, which leaves his opponent standing. He doesn't hit so consistently, but he hits harder.

SPONGE MISS, TOO!

Is the reign of the world famous Rowe Twins coming to an end? With Rosalind Cornett—now Mrs Rosalind Cornett—enjoying a temporary break, and Diane more suited to doubles than singles play, it could well be.

If that is the sad truth and the departure of these g.r.s, who have done so much for England, can only be described as sad) who better to step in than Ann Haydon, the 17-year-old Birmingham girl, current holder of the Wimbledon All-England Junior Lawn Tennis title?

Ann is another top-liner who has taken to sponge. In the same North West Kent Championships, she hurled herself into the fray with abandon, and took the women's title in two straight sets from Diane Rowe.

But the time is coming when Ann must decide which it is to be—lawn or table tennis. Your guess is as good as mine.

Laurie Landry, 17-year-old William Ellis (London), schoolboy who aims for a degree in mathematics, had no difficulty in totting up the points against fellow Middlesex junior Eddie Hodson in the Junior boys final.

Landry won 21-12, 21-12, and so gained revenge for his defeat by Hodson—the only defeat by an English junior this season—

in the South of England Championships.

Hodson's chop was of no avail against the wily Landry, who hits, hits and hits again.

That brought Laurie's total of Junior titles to eight this year. His only other defeat outside the South of England was by a German in the Kent Junior "Open".

JUNIOR TRI LS

Said a disappointed Eddie Hodson before going off to get some rest—both were playing in the England Junior trials the following day—"I knew I was in trouble as soon as I got out there. I just couldn't get the feel of the ball."

In chipped modest Laurie: "I had the luck early on, and Eddie never seemed to recover."

But modesty will not prevent Landry from chalking up some impressive wins in the future.

(London Express Service).
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Champions Without Fighting

Billingham Sythonia Boxing Club have two North East Divisional Junior ABA Champions in Malcolm Richardson and Edwin Cookson—and they won their titles without fighting for them. They were the only two entrants in their respective weights, and automatically received walkovers into the Northern Counties Championships.

"Boffins" Can Help Soccer; Cine-Camera Brought Cup-Tie Win

Says DON REVIE

The "boffins" who perfected all sorts of weird gadgets to help us in the war are now turning their minds to sport—particularly soccer. In Germany they are experimenting with revolving goal posts and I see that a Dutchman, Mr Hofland, has perfected a machine which draws a graph of a soccer match.

I appreciate that the average fan greets all these bright ideas with a cynical "So what? All I want is 8 draws upon my coupon and I like to see the old home town team."

But I am all for the boffins in sport. Modern coaching methods and a scientific approach to the job have produced our record breaking spartan breed of athletes like Gordon Pirie and Roger Bannister. So why should soccer lag behind in the bright ideas?

Many clubs—like Sheffield Wednesday for instance—already make use of the cine-camera at their matches. And when I was a Leicester City player a cine cameraman played a big part in helping us to get to the Cup Final in 1949.

GLARING MISTAKE

He took shots of one of our Cup opponents and when the film was run through we could see a glaring mistake which the goalkeeper kept repeating. We spotted the weakness, played on it and in the actual cup-tie we scored through this goalkeeper's error. That's only one case where science has helped a soccer team to win.

But the introducing of soccer graphs will no doubt baffle the average player—particularly the youngster who is only out to enjoy himself in a virile way.

Yes, let's face the facts. A graph may look a series of squiggly lines to the uninitiated but they can tell a lot to the intelligent manager.

I gather that Mr Hofland's machine draws a graph for every five-minute period of a game. And it indicates the strength and weaknesses of the attack plus shots at goal, passes back to the goalkeeper, etc., etc.

It can also be utilised to follow the movements of any one player during the game.

Facts and figures like these are bound to be of use to the soccer manager. He is trying to pin-point weaknesses in his team. It is easy to form an opinion of a player whilst the match is in progress, but often you are only going on what you see and not actual facts. For instance, the graph would show not only that the player was continually in the game but whether his final passes were accurate or not.

However, in bringing these mathematical formulas into soccer we must remember that they are there to help and not to be the final adjudicator of a player's ability. Soccer is a game of chance as well as skill. Inevitably errors creep in and no graph could show how smoothly a team linked up, neither could it recapture the blood tingling thrill of a daring, diving header—such as Nat Lofthouse frequently does.

Let's have the soccer graphs and diagrams by all means but in so doing we mustn't take all the fun out of the game.

EVERLASTING BOUQUET

This talk of science in soccer has set me thinking of the sort of presents (some of them I know impossible) which I would like to give to some of my soccer friends.

To Bert Trautmann, Manchester City's goalkeeper—a pair of electrically heated gloves for cold days which would also have a magnetic influence on the ball.

To Billy Wright, Wolves and England captain, an everlasting bouquet—for the charming way he always receives bouquets from Continental teams!

To Nat Lofthouse, Bolton Wanderers and England centre-forward, a goal-scoring record for his example of courage and sportsmanship on the football field.

To Stan Matthews, Blackpool and England, another chance of winning that cup-winner's medal which he so richly deserved last year.

To Tom Finney, Preston NE and England, freedom from that nagging injury in the back so that he could silence all the critics who haven't been giving him a fair crack of the whip these last few months.

To footballers everywhere, lots of luck and may you enjoy your game.

To football fans—the patience to endure until Great Britain once more is No 1 soccer team in the world—and with it the luxury conditions which football fans so richly deserve.

I bumped into Joe Mercer and Matt Busby at Old Trafford the other day and I couldn't help thinking what a tremendous sweet wing-halves of their ability would be to any soccer club today. For Mercer, now Sheffield United manager, and

Busby, present manager of Manchester United, are among the greatest players of any age. But no sooner had my mind pondered on the skill of these two than I saw in action two of their proteges, Eddie Colman (Manchester United) and Jim Hiley (Sheffield United).

It is the dismal truth, but many great players haven't the ability to pass on their knowledge to the youngsters coming into the game. Joe Mercer and Matt Busby, however, and Stan Cullis of Wolves, are among the few exceptions.

It is not necessary for me to point out that good football usually begins with the wing-half. When we have strong and clever players in these positions, you can be sure that the game in England will prosper. Football forecasts have a high mortality rate, but I think young Colman is young enough and good enough to win as many cups as the great Billy Wright. And that's saying something.

STAMINA QUESTION

It's on with the Cup again this week, and with the defeat of Bedford by Arsenal, there isn't a non-League club left in the competition. Many people who saw Bedford's gallant show on TV have asked me if these Cup giant-killers would make a show in the League.

Frankly, I don't think they would. They play superbly in the Cup because they have all to gain and nothing to lose. They can pack everything into 90 minutes. But we mustn't lose sight of the facts.

Many non-League players have had their day with big clubs; others cannot train full time. If they had to play at top speed week in and week out against League opposition, I think they would soon fall by the wayside.

Nevertheless, for the sake of the interest in the Cup it is a pity none of these "outsiders" is left in. Of the remaining longshots York City will take some holding on their own pitch, despite the brilliance of Sunderland's star-studded team. But nothing I have heard or seen since the early rounds causes me to change my opinion that this season Bolton and Burnley are going to go a long way. They are still my fancies for the Cup.

I was delighted my old club, Leicester City, managed to beat Luton. They must have a great chance of going into the Fifth Round at the expense of Stoke City.

It is interesting to recall that clubs who beat Luton in the Cup often get through to Wembley. When I was at Leicester in 1949 we beat Luton and went on to Wembley. So did Bolton Wanderers and Blackpool in recent seasons. Then last season it was Manchester City's turn to beat Luton and go on to the Final.

ACTUAL MATCH PLAY

Like most professional footballers, I was amazed to hear that despite all the intensive training we do, in actual match play a footballer has possession of the ball on average for less than two minutes out of the 90.

Incredible, isn't it? But Puskas of Hungary has been timed, and he actually touched the ball 74 times in one match and had possession of it for 138.5 secs, all told. Billy Wright was timed on the ball at 60 secs, and actually touched it 54 times.

I think these figures prove one important aspect of the game. It is that most of a player's stamina is needed to get about the field. His skill in positioning himself is just as important as his skill when actually manipulating the ball. No wonder lapping is so important a part of training.

Kung Hei Fat Choy!

The KOWLOON CRICKET CLUB'S

annual
Chinese New Year's Eve
Dance

will be held in the clubhouse
on

Saturday,
February 11th, 1956
from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

It will take the form of a
Fancy Dress (Optional),
Dance

Prizes
Special Decorations
Supper

Admission \$10 per head
TABLE PLAN NOW OPEN
AT THE K.C.C.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Dempsey, Tunney, Camera and But.
2. All of them.
3. Yes.
4. Bobby Locke.
5. Lottie Dod.
6. Horace Ashenfelter.
7. Table tennis, Rugby Union and Yachting.
8. Bill Eddrich. The others have all captained England.
9. Striker and pitcher.
10. Crowns of laurels.

THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



So Tender and Tasty

FRANCIS MILLER'S
GREAT NORTHERN
FANCY RED SOCKEYE
SALMON STEAK

Sole Agents:
SWIRE & MACLAURE
LTD.

For the most refreshing
THIRST
QUENCHER

Try
Gaymer's
CYDER
SERVED ICY COLD

Sole Agents: Swire & MacLaurie Ltd.

"Have a beer - you've earned it!"

Carlsberg
of course!

Sole Importers:
THE EAST ASIATIC COMPANY LTD.

★ ★ ★

FEATURES

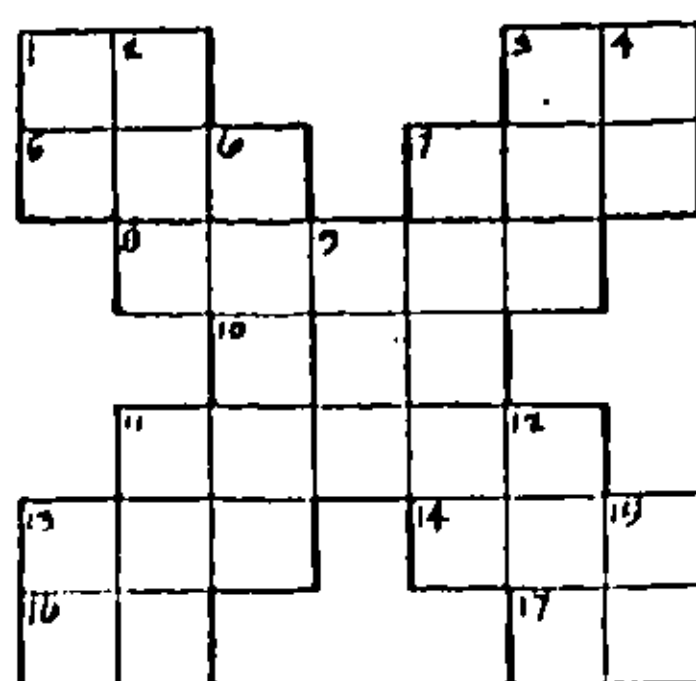
FOR BOYS

AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ADD-A-LETTER

Add a letter to "father" and have "something to cook in"; add another letter to this and have "a bridge"; add another letter and have "something that may happen to you if you're bad."

HOW MANY?

How many four-letter words can you make of the letters in the word CAREFULLY?

The Puzzlemaster thinks there are 12 words, but you may see more than he does.

ACROSS

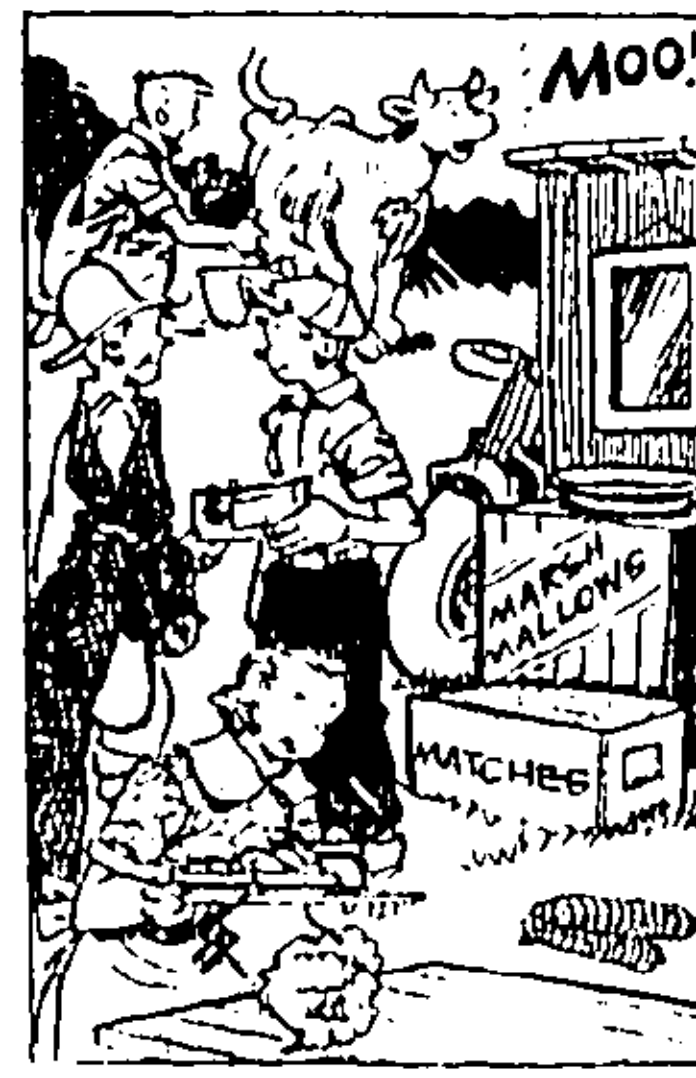
- 1 Say this instead of "yes"
- 3 Leave
- 5 This goes with eggs
- 7 You buy coal by this
- 8 Sit again
- 10 What you breathe
- 11 Come in
- 13 Answer (ab.)
- 14 Father
- 16 South Dakota (ab.)
- 17 Toward

DOWN

- 1 New Hampshire (ab.)
- 2 Boat paddle
- 3 Received
- 4 Upon
- 6 Intends
- 7 You're this after playing hard
- 8 Take a chair
- 11 Finish
- 12 Big mouse
- 13 While
- 15 What you should make happen to your homework

FIND THE OBJECTS

The Puzzlemaster has hidden a number of things whose names begin with the letter "M" in this picture. How many can you find?



NEWSPAPER FUN

THIS IS A GOOD party stunt, for it's a real laugh maker. It's fun to try at home, too, with just the family.

Say that you can take an ordinary newspaper and place it on the floor in such a way that two people standing on it will not be able to touch each other! Here's how you do it. Put the paper on the floor in a doorway. Close the door with one person on each side of the door. They are standing on the paper all right, but cannot touch each other through the closed door.

ZOO'S WHO

MANY THEORIES ARE advanced as to how CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, RECEIVED ITS NAME. THE ONE MOST GENERALLY ACCEPTED IS THAT THE DUTCH SETTLERS NAMED IT KONIN, EYLAND, MEANING (RABBIT ISLAND) BECAUSE OF THE NUMBER OF RABBITS FOUND THERE.



NEW GUINEA TRIBESMEN VALUE THE FLESH OF THE PYGMY AS FOOD. ITS SKIN AS MATERIAL FOR DRUMHEADS. THE KODIAK BEAR CANNOT CLIMB TREES.

A True Adventure In The Roaring West
Famous Lawman Quelled Fifty Armed Men With A Word

MORE THAN ONCE, Wyatt Earp, famous lawman of the West, demonstrated that knowing how to quell a bad man with a look and a word was more effective than a lead-spitting six-gun.

Wyatt was raised in Missouri, and he hunted buffalo in western Kansas with Pat Masterson, Billy Dixon and other famous scouts and cowboys. He served as marshal of Dodge City, Kansas; Tombstone, Arizona; and several other towns.

In 1874, he was deputy marshal of Wichita, a roaring cattle town which then had 1,200 permanent residents. Like Abilene and Dodge City, Wichita was a reception centre for great herds of cattle driven north from Texas to the railroads which would ship them to market. South of the Arkansas River at Wichita were great camps of cowboys and their herds.

NO GUNS RULE

And on payday, the cowboys came across the bridge into town and "stood Wichita on its head."

OLD METAL IS STILL LIVELY

PROSPECTORS in California are looking for a mineral in use for thousands of years as well as for that new thing called uranium.

Not gold, for gold is hard to find now, even in that Eldorado. There is a special demand for that lively metal known as quicksilver.

Its scientific name is mercury, after the name of a supposed patron deity of the arts and sciences.

Considering how useful mercury is in both these fields, it is well named. Compounds of mercury go into a lot of things, like paints, drugs, explosives, electric lights, batteries, carpenter's levels, and other precision instruments.

For these purposes, American industry uses annually 50,000 "flasks," or iron cylinders of mercury, containing 76 pounds each. As the United States is buying 50,000 flasks a year for its stockpile of critical materials, the world price has shot up because of this demand.

No wonder the Defence Minerals Exploration Administration is now spending more than \$500,000 on searches for new deposits, and old mines are being reopened.

Some of these mines were in operation in California long before gold was discovered, but had to be shut down because the rising cost of production made their operation unprofitable. The New Idria mine, 180 miles southeast of San Francisco, and the historic Cuddihy mine, near the famous railroad loop in the Tehachapi Mountains, are among those now being worked.

Mercury comes from a redish ore called cinnabar, most of which has hitherto been im-

ported from Spain and Italy. Some of the mines here are over 2,000 years old, with miles and miles of underground passageways.

Mines in America are cutting down on costs by using automatic machinery, powered by electricity and gas.

Electric motors help to crush the ore and lift it to huge bins, whence it is fed by gravity into gas-heated rotary ovens. The heat frees the quicksilver, turning it into a vapour that is sucked by electric fans through cooling tubes, and thus comes trickling forth the shiny liquid metal of so many uses.—By Mark Wilcox.

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Finally the cowboys came walking across the bridge, with Clements in the lead. Clements had a gun in each hand and there were at least 50 armed men behind him.

ODDS: 50 TO 1

At the end of the bridge Wyatt Earp walked out alone to meet them. Wyatt made no move to draw either of the guns he had strapped on his hips, but every eye from Texas to Nebraska had heard of Wyatt Earp's speedy draw and deadly aim. Manny halted ten steps from Earp.

"Manny," said Earp, "put away your guns and take your men back across the river." Manny hesitated, with Earp's life in the balance. He blinked his eyes, swallowed and turned to his followers. "Come on, boys. No one gettin' ourselves shot up for foolishness." He turned around and walked back.

Wyatt walked back to the ten men who supported him. "How'd you do it?" one of them asked. Wyatt winked. "Manny knew that no matter how many slugs I took, he'd get one right through his brain. He wasn't brave enough to go through with it, knowing I could shoot him dead."

Wyatt Earp demonstrated many times that he was never afraid to die. As a result he lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1926, in California—in bed.

—By Russ Withersham

ANYONE FOR TURTLE SOUP?

ONE OF THE strange mothers of the animal world is the Loggerhead turtle.

She measures three feet in length and will weigh as much as 400 pounds. Instead of feet she has scall-like flippers, because she is a marine turtle.

There are 2 nails on each flipper which help her in digging a nest for her eggs.

All through the year the Loggerhead lives in the ocean, coming up occasionally for air and a sun bath.

In Florida, on moonlight nights in May or June she comes to the shores and struggles up the sandy beach with her flippers until she gets above the tide-line. Then she scoops a hollow in the sand and lays her eggs.

The Loggerhead has many enemies, including man. When her little ones hatch, many of them never reach their ocean home. Turtles are used for food and their eggs for commercial oil.

So because of this, nature has taught her to lay many eggs.

After the mother Loggerhead lays her eggs she covers them with sand, then crisscrosses over the spot to obliterate any trace of them, and zigzags back to the sea. This mother never sees her little ones.

LOOK, NO TEETH

Turtles have sharp, hard beaks that can cut like a chisel, but no teeth. With these beaks they cut up their food, and the snapping varieties could chop off a finger.

There are over 300 species of turtles. The land turtles have legs and feet, while the water turtles have variously shaped flippers. All species lay their eggs in dry ground.

Those that live strictly on dry land are called tortoises. Marine and semiaquatic species are called turtles. Fresh water species, especially those that have market value, are called terrapins.

All of them hibernate during the winter. The water species bury themselves in mud, while the land species burrow into the sand.

Some large tortoises live longer than any other present-day creatures.

Among the 300 varieties are found sizes ranging from the small musk turtle of three or four inches to the huge leatherback that measures eight feet and weighs over 1,000 pounds. There are numerous shell patterns and colours.

Some turtles live in groups, while others prefer to live alone.

REALLY GET AROUND

More turtles are found in the East than in the West, but there are turtles in every country in the world except in climates of continual winter. Turtles are cold-blooded animals and become sluggish when the weather is cold.

They love to take sun baths. Sometimes desert tortoises and other fast and varieties will sun themselves on the warm asphalt of the highways.

The most widely distributed turtles are the Painted Turtles. When grown they are from seven to 10 inches long. Most turtles are meat eaters, feeding on worms, insects,



These men were trawling for fish in North Carolina, but their catch was a 400-pound turtle — the largest male Loggerhead on record, so far as is known.

fish, etc. Some are scavengers. Others eat both meat and vegetable matter, and some are strict vegetarians. The voices of turtles are mostly squeaks, but there is a Wood Turtle that whistles. A fossil turtle that walked three feet high and measured seven feet in length lived in northern India 175 million years ago. This is the largest fossil land turtle. A three-ton marine turtle lived millions of years ago in a sea that once covered the state of Kansas. Turtles make very nice pets. They can be trained to eat from one's hand. But pond turtles, like most water turtles, have to swallow their food under water.

—By Ida Smith

Clothesline Mutiny

—The Getaway Failed Because the Wind Let Them Down—

By MAX TRELL

IT was wash day. All the clothes were scrubbed and rubbed and rinsed and squeezed. Finally, they were hung on the line to dry.

A little later, Knarf and Hanid, the shadows, were walking across the back yard where the clotheslines were strung between the trees when they thought they heard someone calling them.

Waving Its Arm

They looked around. A shirt was waving one of its arms at them.

"My friends," it called down to them from the clothesline, "would you mind helping me?"

Although this was the first time that a shirt had ever spoken to them, Knarf and Hanid asked what they could do to help.

"Well," said the Shirt, "it's just a little thing. Would you mind loosening those two clothes pins on my shoulders? They're pinching me."

"Oh dear," said Hanid, "I'm afraid we can't do that."

"Why not?" asked the Shirt. "If we loosen the clothes pins," said Hanid, "you'll fly off with the wind."

Dancing And Kicking

Hardly had Hanid said this, when a handkerchief, two pairs of socks and a pair of blue dungarees all started waving and dancing and kicking at once.

"Loosen our clothes pins!" They all seemed to be shouting. "We all want to fly away."

"Certainly not, you silly clothes!" said Hanid.

Way down at the end of the clothesline was a large white bed sheet. It was as clean as snow that had just fallen on the top of a hill where no one ever walks.

They Go Everywhere

"Young man and young lady," the Sheet said to Knarf and Hanid, "it may not be wise for the Shirt and the Socks and the Dungarees and the Handkerchief.



"The clothes pins are pinching me," said the Shirt.

to fly away with the wind. They've all seen a good deal of the world, for when they're worn, they go wherever the people to whom they belong care to take them.

"But it's different with me. I've never been anywhere. I insist that you loosen the clothes pins and let me fly away!"

Knarf said: "You stay right where you are!"

Hanid said: "Every piece of clothes that's hanging on this line must stay here!"

"No!" cried the Sheet. "I'm off to see the world! And it slipped and it flapped—and pulled loose from the clothes pins!"

Away it went, sailing over the backyard fence like a great white bird.

"Wait for us!" cried the Shirt. He pulled and he tugged and he went sailing after the Sheet, waving his arm like wings.

The Handkerchief fluttered away next. It looked like a lacy butterfly.

Like Ballet Dancers

Next went the Socks. They ran through the air, turning and spinning like wonderful ballet dancers.

Last of all went the pair of blue Dungarees. It kicked out its legs. It did somersaults. It danced.

Over the fence went all the clothes.

But the Sheet got caught on a bush, and the Shirt wound its arms around a telephone pole and the Handkerchief dropped on a cat.

The two pairs of Socks tripped over a flower pot and the blue Dungarees tried to dance over the roof but bumped against the chimney and slid down the rain spout to the ground.

The wind blew away all by itself.

Once more the clothes were picked up and hung back on the clothes line.

"Oh dear," Knarf and Hanid heard the Shirt saying, "now those clothes pins pinch more than ever."

But the bed sheet had the worse fate of all. It had to be washed all over again. It got soap in all four corners. It didn't like that at all.

Rupert and the New Boat—33



It takes Santa Claus a long time to recover from his laughter, but at length he sits up and wipes his eyes. "Oh dear, oh dear, it's the best joke I've ever heard of!" he whispers. "What's my little boy?"

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